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LITTLE MISS MUFFET AND HER SPIDER.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

*"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider, who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."*

SHE was not Mother Goose's Miss Muffet; she was not even a relative.

I may as well tell you that, in the beginning, and then you won't be disappointed. For I know that we all are very much interested in that Miss Muffet. Mother Goose was such a shrewd old lady! She knew how to tell just enough, and not too much. Some story-tellers would have informed us whether curds and whey were little Miss Muffet's customary diet, or an unusual treat, and whether they agreed with her; just what kind of a bowl and spoon she used, and who gave them to her; whether she had her hair banged, and whether her little brother wore copper-toed shoes; to say nothing of the spider's whole family history, and whether he was only prowling about in a general way, or had special designs on Miss Muffet.

And when we knew all that, we should have no further interest in little Miss Muffet, nor in the spider. I am afraid we might even forget that they had ever existed.

But now we all have an opportunity to set our imaginations at work, and, if we are Yankees, we "guess" who Miss Muffet was, and where she lived, and, especially, where she went when the spider frightened her away, and whether she ever came back to her curds and whey.

I do not profess to know any more than anybody else about that Miss Muffet. As I said before, the little Miss Muffet whose story I am going to tell was no relation to her, whatever; and, as for the spider, he certainly was not even a descendant of Mother Goose's spider.

To tell you the truth, my little Miss Muffet's real name was not Miss Muffet at all. It was Daffy Crawford. No,—now I think of it, that was not her real name, neither! She was called Daffy, because she had the yellowest hair that ever was seen; and, as her mother had a fancy for dressing her in green, she did look like a daffodil. The first person who noticed this called her Daffodil, and Daffy-down-dilly, and by and by it was shortened to Daffy, and everybody, even her own father and mother, adopted it. They almost forgot that she possessed such a dignified name as Frances Imogen.

How she came to be called "little Miss Muffet" will take me longer to tell; but I assure you I know all the facts of the case, for I was well acquainted with her, and I was, as you might say, on intimate terms with the spider.

It was one summer, down at Dashaway Beach, that Daffy met the spider.

She had been making mud-pies all the morning with Tuny Trimmer and Jimmy Short-legs,—that was not his real name, but they called him so because he still wore knickerbockers, although he was a very old boy,—and with her own brother, Sandy. Sandy and Jimmy Short-legs both felt above mud-pies, as a general thing, but they were down on the beach, and the tide was out so far that they could not wade nor fish, and they had built an oven of stones to bake the pies in, and made a fire of drift-wood, so it was a more exciting amusement than the making of mud-pies usually is.

Daffy and Tuny were very proud of the company they were in. Sandy and Jimmy, besides being boys, were almost eleven, and they did not very often condescend to play with girls. Tuny Trimmer did everything they told her to, even to taking off her stockings and shoes and wading into

the mud up to her knees. She did not even rebel, when, after the mud-pie making began to grow monotonous, Jimmy Short-legs proposed to play that her new Paris doll was a clam, and buried it deep down in the mud.

Daffy took off her shoes and stockings, and got down on all fours, and pretended that she was a frog, so that Sandy could swallow her when he was being a crocodile—though she did not at all enjoy having him a crocodile, he made up such horrid faces, and squirmed so. But when they wanted to play Indian, and tie Lady Florabella, her wax-doll, to a stake, and burn her up, while they danced the Ojibbewa war-dance around her, that was too much even for Daffy's accommodating disposition. She held out against it stoutly, although they called her a baby, and said girls never wanted to have any fun. And Jimmy Short-legs, who read story-papers, said Florabella would be like "the Golden-haired Captive of the wild Apaches." And when Sandy attempted to seize Lady Florabella, and make a martyr of her against her mamma's will, Daffy snatched her away and ran.

"She's a homely old thing, anyhow!" Sandy called after her. "She is n't pretty enough to be the Golden-haired Captive! And I'll burn her up in the kitchen stove when I catch her—old pink silk dress, and yellow wig, and all!"

This very disrespectful way of speaking of Lady Florabella excited Daffy even more than the fearful threat.

"You are a very worse boy!" she screamed, with tears, "and I shall tell Susan of you, right off!"

But as Susan, their nurse, had accepted an invitation to take a sail with an old sailor admirer, who had appeared at Dashaway Beach in the character of a fisherman, it was not easy to "tell her, right off." The stones cut her bare feet, but Daffy ran until she felt sure that Lady Florabella was out of danger. Then she looked back to see if Tuny were not coming, too. But alas, no! Tuny showed no sympathy for her friend's griefs. And she evidently preferred the society of those wicked boys. She was even allowing them to dig up her doll, who had been a clam, and tie her to a stake: Tuny's doll was going to be the Golden-haired Captive!

"I don't know how she can bear it!" said Daffy, giving Lady Florabella an extra hug at the thought.

It was clear that Tuny Trimmer had not the feelings of a mother. And such a beautiful doll, too, with "truly" hair, and turquoise ear-rings!

"I wonder what her Aunt Kate, who sent it to her from Paris, would say!" thought Daffy. "I don't believe she'll get another very soon."

What life would be without a doll, Daffy could not imagine. She did not believe that she could

possibly endure it, so she determined to go on a little farther, lest Sandy's desire for burning Golden-haired Captives should be increased by that one experiment.

She walked along until she came to the lobster-boiling establishment of old Uncle Jollifer. He had been a fisherman all his life, and was rough, and jolly, and kind. He called Daffy up to his door, and gave her a very small boiled lobster, warm from the pot. And with this under one arm, and Lady Florabella under the other, Daffy wandered on. It was not altogether to get out of Sandy's reach that she went on now. It seemed like an adventure to have gone so far by herself, and she wanted to see how it would seem to go still farther. She thought that, having come so far, she might as well see how the world looked around the Point, where she had never been. So she traveled on, out of sight of the Ojibbewa war-dance—out of sight, even, of Uncle Jollifer's lobster-factory.

At last she grew so tired and warm that she had to sit down on a big stone to rest. She discovered that she was hungry, too; so she cracked the shell of her lobster with a stone, and began to eat it.

She was just remarking to Florabella that she had never in her life eaten anything that tasted so good, when, stretched out from somewhere behind her, came a long, lean, black hand and arm, and snatched a claw of her lobster.

Daffy screamed and ran, as was no wonder; but she had gone only a few steps when she realized that she had left Lady Florabella behind.

Poor Lady Florabella! had she escaped from the Ojibbewa Indians only to fall into other dangers? Daffy ventured to look back, although expecting that long, lean, black hand to clutch her as she did so.

No; there he sat, quietly devouring her lobster,—the very longest, thinnest, raggedest, blackest, and woolliest negro boy that ever was seen.

Now, Daffy was not at all familiar with colored people, as her home was in a New England town, where they were very rarely seen. But she was very familiar with goblins, and gnomes, and imps, and demons, because Susan, her nurse, knew an inexhaustible stock of stories in which they figured; indeed, if you might trust Susan's account, she herself had enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with them. And these interesting people were, according to Susan, invariably black.

This apparition, who was calmly eating her lobster,—with Lady Florabella lying across his knees!—might be a negro. Daffy knew, of course, that there were such people. She had heard all about Topsy and little Eva; she had once seen an old Dinah, who was a cook in a family where she visited. He might be a negro, but it struck Daffy

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as much more probable that he was an imp or a goblin.

It was horrible to run away and leave Lady Florabella in his clutches; but, if she staid, he would probably turn her into a white cat. Anybody who had anything to do with imps and goblins was always turned into a white cat in Susan's stories.

So Daffy turned again and ran as fast as one might be expected to run from the possibility of becoming a white cat.

The negro boy ran after her, holding Lady Florabella above his head, and shouting:

"Hyar, Missy, aint yer gwine to fotch dis yere?"

Daffy could not understand a word that he said, but she had no doubt that he was casting a spell over her. The witches in Susan's stories always repeated a mysterious jargon of words when they transformed their victims into animals. She was very much surprised, and drew a long breath of relief, to find that, after he had repeated that gibberish three times, she was still Daffy Crawford. There was not the least sign of white fur, nor claws, nor whiskers, about her. Perhaps the charm would not work. There might be a good fairy who prevented it.

But he was following her, as fast as his long legs would carry him, still shouting, and waving Florabella wildly over his head. Perhaps he wanted to "grind her bones to make his bread," like the giant who was always saying, "Fee-fi-fo-fum!"

Daffy had come to a long pier, reaching down to the water, and a little row-boat lay at the end of it. Wild with fright, she ran down the pier and jumped into the boat. It was only loosely fastened by a rope, and Daffy untied it. Just one push she gave, with all her little might, and away floated the boat on the receding tide. By the time her pursuer reached the end of the dock, a wide expanse of water lay between it and Daffy's boat. He danced about and gesticulated frantically. Daffy thought he had gone crazy with rage and disappointment that she had escaped from his clutches; and it really did look like it. He had no boat, so he could not follow her, and Daffy felt quite secure; and, if she had only had Lady Florabella, she would have been happy. She had not an oar, nor a scrap of sail, and would not have been able to use either if she had had it; so she was as completely at the mercy of the winds and waves as were the Three Wise Men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl. But she was accustomed to going on the water, and was not at all afraid of it. It was a new sensation to be all alone in a boat, drifting she did not know where; but I am afraid the truth of the matter was that Daffy did not know enough to be afraid. Susan's stories had filled her

mind with fears of imaginary dangers, but they had had very little to say about real ones.

Suddenly her pursuer turned back, as if a new idea had struck him. Daffy watched him out of sight, feeling greatly relieved that he had gone, but with her heart aching at the loss of Florabella. He had gone off, with the doll thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and, as long as he was in sight, Daffy watched Florabella's beautiful golden curls dancing in the sunlight. It was truly a pitiful sight—Florabella carried off by a dreadful goblin, and her mamma powerless to help her!

But, very soon, Daffy began to think that she was not much better off than Florabella. The sea was very rough, and the little boat pitched and tossed so that it made her giddy; and now and then a great wave that looked like a mountain would come rolling along, threatening to swallow her up. She was very frightened, although the great wave would only take the tiny boat up on its broad back, in the most careful and friendly manner, and, after giving it two or three little shakes, set it down uninjured. When a wicked wave might come along, there was no telling; and home was farther and farther away every moment.

At length, Daffy saw a little sail-boat bearing down upon her. It was such a very tiny sail-boat that, at first, she thought it was only a white-winged gull.

A young man was lying at full length in the bottom of the boat. He had on a velvet jacket, and a red smoking-cap, with a gilt tassel, and he was playing on a violin and singing as unconcerned as if boats could be trusted to sail themselves.

His song broke off when he caught sight of Daffy, and he exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise:

"Hello, little girl! How in the world did you get here?"

"How do you do, sir? I came in the boat," replied Daffy, calmly, and looking at him with an expression of great dignity.

She was very particular about politeness, and she thought "Hello, little girl!" was a too familiar greeting for a strange gentleman.

"I don't suppose you swam, although I did take you for a mermaid, at first; but how do you happen to be all alone?"

"Because there is n't anybody with me," replied Daffy, coldly. She did n't mean to be rude, but she did n't like to be asked so many questions.

"Where is your mother? Where is your nurse? Where do you live? How came you in the boat?"

Daffy heaved a great sigh. He was such a man to ask questions that she began to think she might as well tell him all about it.

"I ran away from Ojibbewa Indians and a jet-black goblin," she said.

"Wh-e-w!" he whistled. "That 's about enough to make anybody run away, I should think!"

He stared at her, in a perplexed way, for a moment, and then he began to laugh.

Daffy thought it very rude of him to make light of the dangers she had passed, in that way.

"Where are the Indians and the goblin?" he asked.

"The Indians—well, I think they 've gone to get their bathing-dresses on, by this time; and the goblin—he was a truly goblin, as black as anything, and his lips stuck out, and he winked his eyes dreadfully—he ran away when I got into the boat. But, oh dear! he took Florabella with him, and I don't suppose I shall ever see her again."

"Is Florabella your sister?" asked the young man, looking more serious.

"No; she is my dearest doll, and he will be sure to shut her up in an enchanted castle, for a thousand years, if he does n't cut off her head, like Blue-beard's wives. Don't you think you could find his castle and rescue Florabella, and cut off his head? If you would, I would marry you, just like the stories, and we should live happy ever after."

"Thank you; that is very kind of you!" said the young man, but he threw back his head, and laughed, as if it were something very funny, instead of a very serious matter, as Daffy thought.

While they had been talking, he had fastened Daffy's boat with a rope to the stern of his own. It seemed to Daffy that he was taking a great liberty; she thought he had better have asked her permission.

"What did you do that for?" she asked him, sharply.

"I am going to take you home, if I can find out where you live. What do you suppose would become of you, if I should leave you drifting about here?"

"I have been thinking that I should come across our nurse Susan. A fisherman took her out sailing."

"Your nurse Susan gone sailing with a fisherman? Well, they will never pick you up. He is drowned. I know a song about it. I was singing it when I caught sight of you."

And this very funny young man began to play on his violin, and sing this song:

There was a bold fisherman set sail from off Billingsgate,
To catch the mild bloater and the gay mackerel;

But when he got off Pimlico,

The raging winds began to blow,

Which caused his boat to wobble so that overboard he went.

"Twinky doodle dum, twanky doodle dum," was the highly interesting song he sung,

"Twinky doodle dum, twanky doodle dum," sang the bold fisherman.

He wobbled and he wobbled in the water so biny,
He yellowed, and he bellowed, for help, but in vain;

So presently he down did glide,

To the bottom of the silvery tide,

But previously to this he cried, "Farewell, Susan Jane!"

"Twinky doodle dum," etc.

"You see there is no chance of their picking you up," he said, when he had finished. "He is drowned."

"It does n't mean our Susan, nor her fisherman, at all," said Daffy.

"Her name *is* Susan Jane, though!" she added, feeling a little perplexed.

But the young man laughed so that she knew he was teasing her, and her pride was deeply wounded.

"It is impolite to laugh at people. I think you behave very worse indeed," she said, with great dignity. "I should n't wonder if the goblin should get you."

Even as Daffy spoke, an Indian canoe came into sight, swiftly propelled by the long arms of the goblin! Daffy screamed with terror, and begged the young man to take her into his boat.

But this very unsatisfactory young man only laughed.

"Is that your goblin?—that innocent-looking little darkey? I should have thought you were too brave a girl to be afraid of him!"

Daffy thought she was very brave, and she disliked strongly to have her courage questioned. Nothing disturbed her so much as to have Sandy and Jimmy Short-legs call her a "fraid-cat." (That is a mysterious epithet, and not to be found in any dictionary, but Daffy knew only too well what it meant.) So, now, although she set her teeth tightly together, and breathed very hard, she kept perfectly quiet while the goblin drew his boat up beside hers.

He was smiling so very broadly that he looked all teeth; but it was certainly a very good-natured smile. Daffy thought he looked like an amiable goblin, but no such being was mentioned in Susan's stories, so it was necessary to account for him in some other way; and, after long scrutiny, Daffy decided that he was probably only a colored boy. And Florabella was sitting in state in his boat, quite unharmed.

"Missy skeered ob me," he explained to the young man. "She done c'l'ard out, like a streak ob lightnin'. But I 's peaceable as a lamb, I is, Missy. I would n't hurt a ha'r ob your head. I could n't luff yer lobster alone, I was so drefle hungry. 'Pears like my insides was all holler. But I 's gwine to get yer anoder lobster, and I 's gwine ter car' yer home. And I done fotched yer babbly. *Don't* yer be skeered ob me, Missy."

Daffy could not understand all that he said, his language was so very peculiar, but she understood

that he wanted to row her home, and although she was not so much afraid of him as she had been at first, she shook her head, decidedly, at that. Goblins were sometimes very polite for the sake of getting people into their power!

"What is your name, and where do you live?" said the young man in the boat, to the colored boy.

"Name, George Washin'ton 'Poleon Bonaparte Pompey's Pillar, but dey calls me Spider, for short, bekaze my appearance is kind ob stragglin', I 'spects. Whar does I lib? As you mought say, I resides most ebrywhar, and I does n't reside much ob anywhar! Dat is to say, I trabbels. I worked in a sto' in New York, but I was tuk wif misery in my side, and de gemmen at de hospital dey said I 'd die sure 'nuff, if somebody did n't fotch me inter de country. So I done cl'ar'd out, in de night, and fotchd myself. As you mought say, I 's residin' at de sea-sho' for my healf. I 's been libin' out ob do's, sleepin' under boats and sich, but jest at present I 's visitin' de Ingines, ober to de P'int. Dey has 'spressed de opinion dat dere never was a tent big 'nuff for a Ingine and a nigger, and I 'spect dey 'll be a-hintin' for me to cl'ar out soon. Dey said niggers ought to stay in deir own country, whar dey belonged, but I never belonged nowhar, and nobody never wanted me, since I left my ole mammy. Dey don't want to hire no skeletons ober ter de hotel, dey says, but no nigger can't fat hisself up on raw clams, pertickerly when he's got misery in his side. And dem low-down Ingines will be hintin' befo' long, sure 'nuff. But now, Missy, you come 'long ob me, and I 'll take de bery best ob car' ob yer!"

"I think you had better go with him," said the young man. "You see he is not a goblin, but a very agreeable colored boy, and I am sure he will carry you safely home."

"I like you better," said Daffy to the young man—a statement which made Spider look sad.

"That is very flattering," said the young man; "but my boat would have to go against the wind to reach the beach that you came from, and it might take until night, and your mother would be dreadfully worried about you."

Even that argument failed to convince Daffy. She was satisfied that Spider was not a goblin, but she had a great objection to his complexion.

"To tell you the truth," said the young man, impressively, "although I may seem very pleasant, I really am an ogre. I have n't felt moved to eat you, because I had several little girls for my breakfast, but if I should once get you into my boat, I should carry you home to my wife, who is a very lean and hungry ogress, with a terrible appetite for red-cheeked little girls!"

Daffy scrutinized him gravely. She did not be-

lieve that he was an ogre. She thought it probable that he was teasing her. He was so unlike the ogres that Susan knew about! But there was the awful possibility that he might be. There might be a variety of ogre which Susan had never met.

Daffy got into the canoe. She clutched Florabella tightly in her arms. It was a great comfort to have her again, when she thought she had lost her forever.

The young man in the boat took off his smoking-cap to her very politely as the Spider paddled away. Daffy responded only by a very distant and dignified nod. Whether he was an ogre or not, she did not at all approve of him. As he sailed away, she could hear him playing on his violin, and singing about the fisherman and Susan Jane, and she resolved to ask Susan, if she should ever see her again, whether ogres were musical.

Spider paddled with a will; but Dashaway Beach was a long way off. He entertained Daffy by stories of "de Souf," where he had lived when he was "a pickaninny," before he strayed away from his "ole mammy"; and Daffy—after she became accustomed to his dialect—found his stories almost as delightful as Susan's. It was almost sunset when Spider drew the canoe up the beach, at the very spot where the Ojibbewa war-dance had been performed.

And there was Susan, running frantically up and down the beach, wringing her hands and shedding floods of tears, because Daffy was lost! And Sandy came running, and crying, breathlessly:

"You need n't tell on me, because I did n't mean to burn up your old doll, anyhow! If you wont, I 'll give you my Chinese lantern; and if you do, I 'll drown your kitten as soon as we get home!"

Daffy agreed to silence, on the proposed terms. Sandy was not quite so bad a boy as he pretended to be, and probably would not have drowned the kitten; but Daffy felt that the risk was too awful a one to run.

Then came Jimmy Short-legs, also panting and breathless; and he said, with great emotion:

"I thought you had gone and got drowned, with my bean-slinger in your pocket!"

His face brightened very much when Daffy took the "bean-slinger" out of her pocket and returned it to him uninjured. Daffy heard that there had been a panic about her, and that her father had sent men in every direction to search for her. He, too, came hurrying down to the beach when he heard that she had come; and he hugged and kissed her, as if he realized the danger she had been in; and when she told him all about it,—excepting the Ojibbewa Indian episode,—he seemed to think that Spider was a good boy, and he took him up to the hotel to supper; and on the hotel steps whom

should he meet but a colored woman, who had come from New York to serve as cook; and she threw her arms around Spider's neck and hugged him, and called him "her own honey," her "dear pickaninny," and her "sweet George Washin'ton 'Poleon Bonaparte Pompey's Pillar"!

It really was Spider's "ole mammy," whom he had not seen for seven years!

Spider and his "mammy" were both happy then, you may be sure, and Daffy danced for joy.

Daffy told her adventures to the people in the hotel, and one of the ladies drew a picture of Daffy sitting on the rock eating lobster, with Spider coming along beside her; and underneath she wrote: "Little Miss Muffet and the Spider." And people began to call her "little Miss Muffet."

The day after her adventure, a queer thing happened. A beautiful toy canoe, made of birch-bark, like the real ones, and a big box of candy, were sent to the hotel for Daffy. With them came a card inscribed, "With the ogre's compliments." How he had found her out, Daffy never knew.

Mr. Crawford hired Spider to take the children to row every day, because he was so careful and trustworthy; and Daffy grew so fond of him that, when the time came for her to go home, she begged that he might go, too; so her father hired him to work about his grounds,—for, with sea air and plenty of wholesome food (which latter item his "ole miammy" attended to), Spider had entirely recovered from the "misery in his side." His "ole mammy" could not be separated from him, and Daffy's mother discovered that her kitchen was in need of a cook; so Spider's "ole mammy" was engaged, also.

And Spider has almost forgotten what it was to "belong nowhar" and have "nobody want him." He does all his work faithfully, but he is especially devoted to Daffy. He hoards the ripest strawberries and the biggest peaches for her, and brings her the very first nuts that are to be found.

Now, if you should ever meet Daffy Crawford, and hear her called "little Miss Muffet," you would know how she happened to get the name.



ARAMANTHA MEHITABEL BROWN.

BY JOEL STACY.

OH, Miss Aramantha Mehitabel Brown
Was known as the prettiest girl in the town,
In the days of King George, number Three.
Her hat was a wonder
Of feathers and bows;
The pretty face under
Was sweet as a rose;

And her sleeves were so full they could tickle her nose!
Her dimity gown was a marvel to see;
So short in the waist!
And not a bit laced—

"Oh, mercy! I never would do it!" said she.
No cumbering train hid her dear little feet,
Yet the skirt that revealed them was ample and neat,—
Indeed, all the modistes declared it was "sweet";
And the bag that she swung from her plump little arm
Would have held half a dozen young kittens from harm.
Ah, the maiden was fair,
And dainty and rare!
And the neighbors would sigh,
As she tripped lightly by:
"Sure, the pride of our town
And its fittest renown
Is sweet Aramantha Mehitabel Brown!"

HOW TOM WALLEN WENT ABOARD.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE "Amelia" was a coasting schooner, which, in the early part of this century, plied between several of our Atlantic ports. It was in the summer of 1813 that she lay in the harbor of a little seaport town, to which her captain and most of her crew belonged. Late in the afternoon of an August day, she dropped down with the tide from the pier, at which she had been taking in ballast in preparation for a voyage northward, and anchored some distance below the town, where she would be obliged to wait until the tide rose sufficiently high for her to cross the bar at the mouth of the harbor, which was not passable for a vessel of the size of the "Amelia," excepting at high tide.

While she was lying here, a boat with a man and his wife and a load of fruit put off from the shore; and, rowing up to the ship, the boatman tried to open a trade with the sailors, who were idly waiting for the time to set sail.

Among the crew was a young fellow named Tom Wallen, who was about to set off on his second voyage in the "Amelia." While the man with the melons was offering his fruit for sale, an idea struck Tom.

"I don't want any of that stuff," he said to himself; "but I should like very much to go on shore with Jacob Hopkins and his wife. We sha' n't weigh anchor for six hours at least, for the tide has n't run out yet, and I should like to bid my old father and mother a better good-bye than the one I gave them a little while ago."

Tom had been in the town that afternoon, when he heard that his captain did not intend to wait for flood-tide before leaving the wharf, but would drop down with the ebb to the end of the island opposite the town, and, therefore, the crew must be on board sooner than they expected. Tom had only time to run down to the little cottage, some distance below the town, in which his father and mother lived, to bid them a hasty farewell, and to hurry back to the schooner, to which his chest had been carried that morning.

Those were war times, and Tom did not know when he might see his old father and mother again, and he had left them very much shocked and disturbed at his sudden departure, for they had expected to have him with them all the evening. Accordingly, he went to the captain, and stated his case. He said that, as the vessel lay not far from the cottage, Jacob Hopkins could take him ashore in a short time, and that he would bring him back

long before midnight. This was the time they expected to set sail, as the tide would then be at its height, and the moon would have risen. The captain was a kind-hearted man, and was well acquainted with Tom's parents. After a little consideration, he gave the young fellow the permission he desired, and Tom, having speedily struck a bargain with Jacob Hopkins, was rowed ashore.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Wallen were delighted when their son popped in on them, and told them he was going to take supper, and spend a couple of hours with them. They had seen the ship at anchor before the house, and knew that she would not go over the bar before midnight; but they had not expected that their son would get leave to come on shore.

The evening passed pleasantly, and when Tom took leave of his parents, about ten o'clock, he left them in a much more contented state of mind than when he had hurriedly torn himself away in the afternoon. Tom's father went down with him to the skiff, which Jacob Hopkins had left tied to a stake near the house, and to which he had promised to return about this time, to row Tom back to the vessel. But when they reached the skiff, no Jacob was there; and, although Tom and his father walked some distance toward the town, and called loudly, they could find no sign of the missing melon-man.

"It's too bad!" said Tom. "It's now half-past ten, and I ought to have been on board by this time. I don't see why Jacob should have disappointed me in this way."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Tom," said his father. "We'll both get into the boat, and you can row her over to the 'Amelia,' and I'll bring her back."

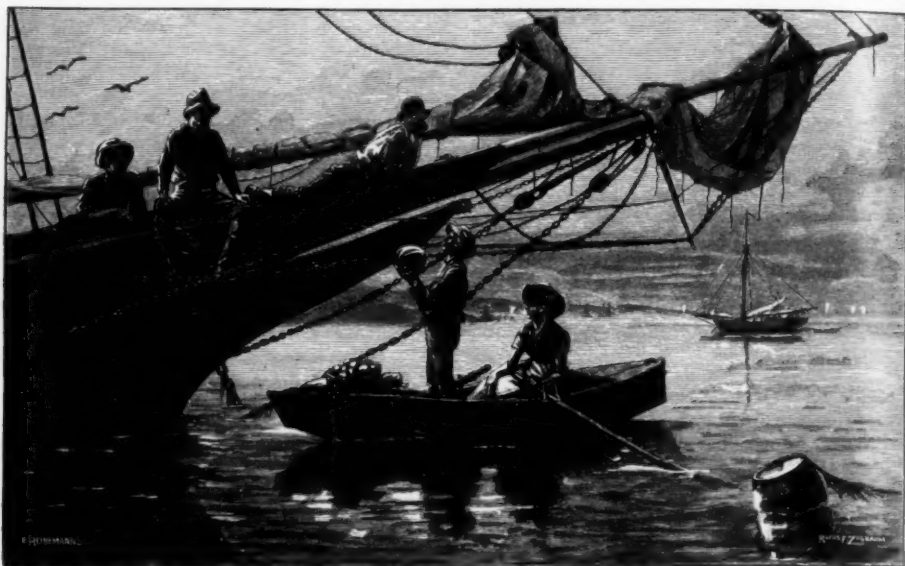
"No, indeed, Father!" cried Tom. "I'm not going to let you row a mile over the harbor this night. The wind is rising, and it is getting cloudy, and I should n't want to be on board the 'Amelia,' and think that you were pulling back home by yourself through the dark. No, sir; I'll take the boat and row myself to the schooner, and then I'll anchor the skiff there, and go on board. You see, she has a long coil of rope and a grapnel, and old Jacob can get another boat, and row over after her in the morning. He ought to be put to that much extra trouble for disappointing me in this way."

Old Mr. Wallen was obliged to confess that this was the better plan, and he knew that his son could

row more quickly to the vessel if he had no one in the skiff but himself.

So Tom bade his father good-bye once more, and pulled away into the darkness. It is always

of the rising of the wind, and had gone to sea? It would be a rash act, Tom rightly imagined, to sail through that narrow passage, with the breakers scarcely a hundred yards on each side of the vessel,



JACOB HOPKINS OPENS TRADE.

lighter on water than it is on land, and Tom knew the harbor so well that he had no difficulty in rowing straight to the point where the "Amelia" had anchored.

But, when he had rowed some distance, he was surprised on turning around to find that he could not perceive the "Amelia's" lights.

"Why, where is the schooner?" said Tom to himself. And then he rowed with redoubled vigor.

But, before long, he was quite certain that the "Amelia" was not on her anchorage ground.

"She must have dropped down farther, around the end of the island, before the tide turned," he said to himself. "That may have helped a little, but it was a mean trick for the captain to do, after letting me go on shore."

But Tom did not hesitate. He laid to his oars again, and pulled around the island. He could see no signs of the ship, but supposed she was lying directly inside the bar, which spot was concealed from him by a projecting point of woodland. Tom rowed on and on, until, at last, he actually reached the entrance to the harbor, but still he saw no signs of the "Amelia." Could it be possible, he thought, that the captain had taken advantage

on a night as dark as this—cloudy, and without a moon. And yet, what else could the "Amelia" have done? He could not have passed her in the harbor as he rowed along. She could not have quietly sunk out of sight. She must have gone to sea.

As Tom, without thinking what he was doing, kept rowing on, he looked out over the long waves that came swelling in between the two lines of breakers, which guarded the entrance to the harbor. And there, not a quarter of a mile from the shore, he saw the lights of a ship, evidently lying to, with her head to the wind.

Tom was very angry at this sight. "If it were not for my chest," he thought, "which holds everything I own, I'd row back, and have nothing more to do with her."

Tom was not the man to go back when he had started out to do anything. And so he rowed on and on toward the inlet, where the long waves, which became breakers on either side of the narrow passage, were rolling in from the sea. It was not an easy matter to row a boat over these waves, but Tom had been used to such work from a boy, having often rowed out to sea on fishing expeditions, and he knew exactly how to pull his boat against

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the incoming surf. It was not long before he was out on the gently swelling waters of the ocean, and pulling vigorously for the vessel. He forgot, entirely, that it would be necessary for him to return Jacob Hopkins's boat, but he determined to give a piece of his mind to his shipmates, who, whatever might have been the cause of their sudden departure, could certainly have found some means of giving him notice of it.

He pulled up to the bow of the vessel, and loudly called for a line. A rope was soon thrown to him, and, fastening this to his skiff, he sprang into the rigging, under the bowsprit, and nimbly clambered on board.

"This is a pretty piece of business!" he cried, as soon as his feet touched the deck. "Why did you fellows sail off and leave me in this way?"

"What do you mean?" said a man, stepping up toward him and holding up a lantern. "Who sailed off and left you?"

Tom looked at the man, and then hastily glanced about him. It was a pretty piece of business! By the uniform of the officer before him, and by the appointments and armament of the ship, he saw

never would have mistaken this vessel for the "Amelia."

"I made a mistake," he said, his voice trembling a little. "I thought this was my ship, the 'Amelia.'"

And then he made a movement backward, as if he would scramble overboard and get again into his little boat. But the officer laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Stop, my good fellow," he said. "You must go and report to the captain. I have been watching you for some time, and wondered what was bringing you here. Your ship must be a good one if you mistook His Majesty's sloop-of-war 'Saracen' for it."

"I should not have made such a blunder," said Tom, "if I had looked out better." And he dejectedly followed the officer to the quarter-deck.

The captain heard his story, and asked him a good many questions.

"What is the cargo of your ship, the 'Amelia'?" he asked.

"Nothing but stones and old iron," answered Tom. "She's going north for a cargo, and sails



TOM TELLS HIS ADVENTURES.

in an instant that he was on board a British vessel of war. What a fool he had been to get so angry that he would not look behind him as he rowed! If it had not been for his unfortunate temper, he

in ballast. There is nothing in our little village with which she could load. She came here to refit."

The captain looked at the first officer, and said:

"If this boy's story is true, the 'Amelia' would be no great prize."

"But how can you tell that it is true?" said the other.

"You 'd find it out very soon if you could look into her hold," said Tom. He was about to say more, but the captain interrupted him.

"How much water is there on your bar at high tide?" he said.

"Fourteen feet," answered Tom.

"That would be a tight scrape for the 'Saracen,'" remarked the captain to his officer. "But she could do it."

"Oh yes, sir," said the other, "and a couple of feet to spare."

The captain then addressed Tom again: "The channel of the harbor runs around the end of the island opposite the town, does it not?" said he.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom.

"Are you familiar with the inlet and the channel?" asked the captain.

"Oh yes, sir," said Tom. "I have piloted vessels in, three or four times."

"Well, sir," said the captain, "if I make you a handsome present, will you pilot the 'Saracen' into the harbor?"

"Bring a British vessel into our harbor?" cried Tom. "I will never do that! Our bar, and our crooked channel, as Father has often said, are better for us than a fort; and I am not the man to show an enemy's vessel the way through."

"Suppose I were to order you to be tied up and flogged until you should agree to do what I ask," said the captain.

"You may tie up and flog," said Tom, "but I will never pilot you."

The captain looked at Tom attentively. "I don't think I will trust you," he said. "Even with a pistol at your head, I believe you would run me aground. I may not be able to take any prizes in your harbor; and I doubt if there is anything there worth taking. But an able-bodied young fellow like you is no slight prize, and so I will take you. You may go forward, and Mr. Burns will assign you to a watch."

Tom went forward with the officer, thinking sadly enough of the dreadful scrape he had got into; but determining in his heart that he would never assist the crew in fighting one of his country's ships. They might kill him first. He would do his duty as a seaman in working the ship, but he would never fight. On that point he was determined.

As soon as he had an opportunity, Tom went to one of the sailors and said: "That little boat that I came in belongs to Jacob Hopkins, and I'd like to get it back to him if I could."

"You need n't trouble yourself about the little boat," said the sailor, laughing. "Mr. Burns ordered that cut adrift. It was n't worth hoisting aboard."

Tom was very sorry that he had caused Jacob Hopkins the loss of his boat, but he was still more sorry for the fate that had befallen himself. He went about his work quietly and sadly, but he did what he was told to do, and the officers found no fault with him. It suited him much better to work, even on the ship of his enemies, than to be shut up as a prisoner of war; and, before long, he became moderately contented with his lot.

He was never called upon to help fight his countrymen. In a few months the "Saracen" sailed into a neutral port, where there was an American war vessel, having on board a couple of British sailors, who had been taken prisoners. For one of these Tom was exchanged, and he regularly enlisted on board the United States ship, on which he remained until the close of the war. The vessel had no engagements with British men-of-war, but she captured several of the enemy's merchant ships, and, when Tom was discharged, there was quite a large sum of prize-money due to him.

Tom lost no time in making his way down to his native town. He found his parents alive and well, although they had been in great grief ever since their son rowed away in the night to go on board the "Amelia." They had never known for certain what had become of him, although many persons supposed that he might have been captured by an English war vessel which had been seen in the offing, and which sailed away before daylight on the night of Tom's disappearance. His parents earnestly hoped that this was the case, for it would be much better to have had their son taken prisoner than to have had him drowned.

Tom soon heard the reason why he could not find the "Amelia." A man living on the island opposite the town had discovered the British vessel, and, while Tom was spending the evening with his parents, had rowed over to the "Amelia" to tell the captain of the danger which awaited him outside the harbor. The "Amelia" immediately weighed anchor, and, there being a favorable breeze, she sailed past the town to a point where she would be tolerably safe from an attack by the enemy's boats. The town was greatly excited by the news, and Jacob Hopkins, supposing that Tom knew all about the matter, had never thought of rowing him over to the "Amelia," which would certainly now be in no hurry to sail.

Tom's prize-money amounted to much more than he could possibly have made by a dozen voyages in the "Amelia," and he was not only able to make his parents very comfortable, but seriously

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thought of becoming part owner of a small coast-
ing vessel. This plan he, in time, accomplished,
and he commanded his own schooner for many
years.

But, before starting on his new career, Tom
took a holiday, and spent many an hour among
the boats along shore, telling his father and the
old men of the town the stories of his adventures.

One of the first persons he went to see was Jacob
Hopkins. Of course they had met before, since
Tom's return, but now he came on business.

"Jacob," said he, "I want to pay you for your
skiff, which I lost when I went away from here."

"You did n't lose it. Three days after you
left, I found it on the beach as good as new."

"I 'm glad of that," said Tom; "but did n't
the empty boat's return scare the old people?"

"They never heard of it. I knew they'd be
dreadfully scared to know that the boat in which
their son went away had been cast up empty on
the beach, so I rowed her here at night, and put
her in a shed in my yard, where she has been ever
since, and I've never said a word about it."

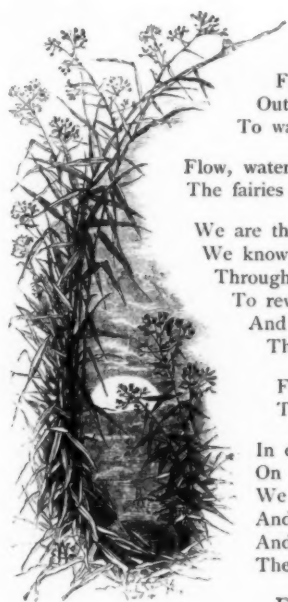
"You are a good, kind fellow," said Tom,
pressing Jacob's hand; "but your skiff must be
in a sorry condition by this time."

So saying, Tom walked over to the shed where
the boat had been stowed away. He found it dry,
cracked, and practically useless. Again thanking
Jacob for sacrificing his boat to spare the feelings
of two old people, Tom walked away.

But, in a few days, Jacob Hopkins was the
owner of the best row-boat that could be bought
in that old sea-port town.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.



WHEN all the light hath left the West,
And the wearied world hath gone to rest;
When the moon rides high in the purple sky,
From our forest home we fairies hie—
Out of the warm, green heart of the earth,
To waken the woods with song and mirth.

Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!

We are the children of light and air;
We know not sorrow, we feel no care;
Through the long, sweet hours of the summer night,
To revel and dance is our delight;
And wherever our flying footsteps pass,
There are brighter rings on the dewy grass.

Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!

In every blossom and bud we hide,
On wings of the wind we mount and ride;
We haunt the brooks and the rushing streams,
And we climb to the stars up the white moonbeams;
And the woodman sees by the dawn's pale light
The circling track of our footsteps bright.

Flow, waters, flow! Blow, soft winds, blow!
The fairies are kings of the woods to-night!

HOW TO MAKE DOLLS OF CORN-HUSKS AND FLOWERS.



AN INDIAN GIRL MAKING HUSK-DOLLS.

Now that the season for corn-husking is at hand, we are reminded of a very ingenious as well as novel use to which corn-husks can be put. There are many little girls living in the country, where corn grows plentifully, who would perhaps like to hear of this new way of using the husks for their special enjoyment.

You doubtless know how ingenious little Indian girls are, and what pretty bead-work they accomplish, and what wonderful baskets they make. Well, these black-eyed, dark-skinned little girls are, after all, much like their pale-faced sisters in tastes, and, like them, must have their dolls. Unlike them, however, they do not often buy them ready-made, but, instead, they invent all sorts of devices for making them with their own deft fingers. Their favorite method is to use corn-husks, from which they will fashion dolls that are almost as pretty as those made of costlier material, and sometimes more shapely, besides.

Would you like to know how to make corn-husk dolls?

Select the soft, white husks growing next to the ear—the softer and more moist the better. Then dampen them a little in water, to make them more pliable. Next, pick out from your entire stock the most perfect piece you can find,—the softest, as well as widest,—double it across the center, and place a piece of strong, coarse thread through it, as in Figure No. 1. Lay this aside; next place the stiff ends of two or three husks together, and, folding other husks in lengthwise strips, wind them

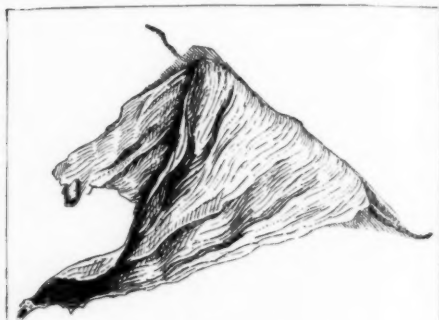


FIGURE NO. 1. THE FIRST HUSK.

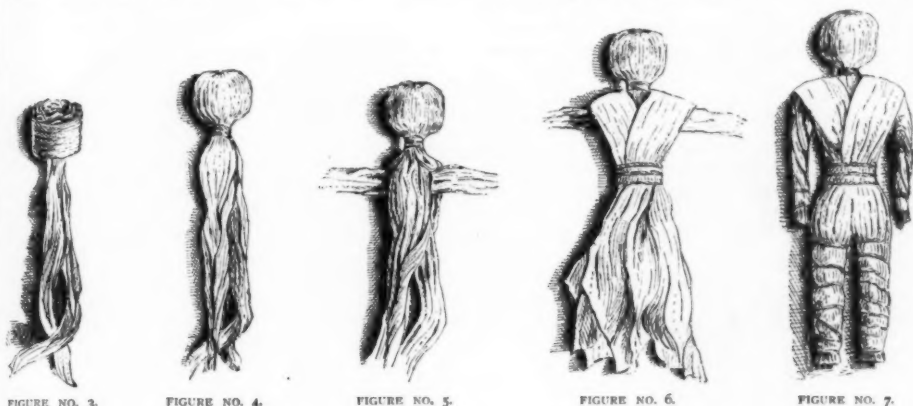


FIGURE NO. 2. THE FIRST HUSK, BUNCHED TOGETHER.

around the ends thus placed, until they make what you consider the proper size for a head, according to Figure No. 3. Then, taking the husk you laid aside, as in Figure No. 1, draw it, as in Figure No. 2, until it is bunched tightly, then tie it

securely, placing it entirely over the husks you have been winding. Tie the thread around the head underneath, for the neck, and then you have the head as in Figure No. 4.

layers extend down both front and back, and cross each other on the chest and back. If you wish to make the chest fuller than the back, add a few husks, placing the ends just over the tips of the



Next, divide the husks below the neck in two equal parts, and, folding together two or three husks, place them lengthwise through the division

shoulders, and letting them extend only down the front. Then, when you think the form is properly shaped, cover the whole neatly with carefully



FIGURE NO. 8. MATERIALS FOR CORN-COB GIRL-DOLL.



CORN-COB GIRL-DOLL.

for the arms, as in Figure No. 5. Holding them in place with the thumb and fingers, proceed to fold alternately layer upon layer of husks over the shoulders, first one and then the other, letting the

selected husks, and tie securely about the waist with strong thread, as in Figure No. 6.

Finally, divide the husks in two below the waist, wind each part neatly with thread, trimming them

off at the feet; this forms the legs. Then, giving the arms a twist or two, tie and trim them at the wrist, and bind them to the body for an hour or

To make the girl-doll, you must first find a young ear of corn, one on which the silk has not turned brown; then, with a crab-apple for a



CORN-COB BOY-DOLL.



MATERIALS FOR CORN-COB BOY-DOLL.

two, to give them a downward tendency. You will then have your doll complete, as in Figure No. 7.

These dolls can be of all sizes, from a foot long to a finger's length, the small dolls serving as babies for the larger ones. They can be dressed in any style, to suit the taste of the doll-makers. But, to our thinking, they look best unadorned, provided their anatomy is all right.

You must be careful not to have them ill-shaped. Perhaps your first attempt will be a sad failure. The head may be askew, the arms and legs may be all awry; there may be odds and ends that you can neither tie up nor hide away, and, altogether, her ladyship may present a decidedly disreputable appearance. But never mind. It will only give you something to laugh at. Try again, and keep on trying until you are rewarded with success. You may, in time, come to wonder at your own skill. At all events, it will serve as a pleasant pastime for some rainy day, when you are longing for new diversion.

Almost every child who has been in the country has made, or has tried to make, a corn-cob baby. Those who have not succeeded in their efforts will, perhaps, be glad to try again, in this way, which is very easy and simple:

head and a leaf of the corn, you have your materials.

Roll part of the leaf, as indicated in Figure No. 8, for the arms; then, with a small twig, fasten the



FLOWER-DOLL.

head to the arms; stick the other end of the twig into the corn-cob, and the doll is ready for dressing.

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The bonnet is made of a leaf, just where it grows from the stalk, and is fastened with a thorn. Before putting the bonnet on, however, the silk must be pulled up over the head, to form hair. Make the skirt and scarf of part of the leaf, and the doll's toilet is complete.

Thorns are used to form the features, as well as to fasten on the clothes.

The boy-doll will require very little explanation. A corn-cob forms the body and head, while the legs are a portion of the leaf rolled up and fastened to the body with a strong piece of grass. Wild beans are used for the arms and feet. The cap is made from the same part of the leaf which forms the girl's bonnet, only it is placed on the head differently. Rose-bush thorns, as in the

other doll, are used for the features, and the coat is cut from the corn-leaf.

The flower-lady is made of the common garden flowers. The under-skirt is a petunia; a Canterbury-bell forms the over-skirt and waist; small twigs, or broom straws, stuck through buds of the phlox, are the arms; the head is made of a green pea, with a phlox blossom for a bonnet. A reversed daisy makes a very nice parasol.

If these flowers cannot be procured, those of a similar shape will answer just as well.

Flower-dolls are very easily made, and, from the hints here given, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS can make any number of these summer dollies. The pictures are not from imagination, but sketches of actual dolls.

THE STORY OF THE THREE SONS.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

A CERTAIN celebrated story-teller relates that

"There was an old woman who had three sons,
Benjamin, William, and John.
One was hanged, and one was drowned,
One was lost, and never was found,
And that was the end of the three sons,
Benjamin, William, and John."

'Not long ago, I found a more full and explicit account of the same persons in the Blue Book of Wire Brier Tobit, which explains the lines I have quoted above, and gives the history of this wonderful family up to the time when the parents died.

Many years ago, John Doe, with his wife Mary Jane, lived in the town of Doeville, which is situated, as every one knows, exactly in the center of the empire of Brasstossig.

John was a farmer, and had wide fields of barley, and wheat, and rye, and two score of fat cattle; and Mary Jane was what every woman was born to be, a housewife.

They might have been happy together, but they were not. John had a furious temper, and gave way to terrible fits of rage; and Mary Jane was so stingy, she grudged even the air of heaven to any one but herself. The wood and field fairies were scared from the place by John's angry screams; and as Mary Jane never left any milk and bread by the hearth for the house-fairies, they left also; and no family can be happy after it has been forsaken by the little people.

One summer, a little son was born to John and

Mary Jane. The blessing of a child ought to have brought generosity into the heart of the mother, and self-control to the father, but it did not. Mary Jane grew more stingy than ever; "for," said she, "my son must have a start in life." And John, when his anxieties increased, spent a portion of every day jumping up and down with all his might, and screaming:

"Needles, bills, and pins,
When a man marries
His trouble begins."

After the baby was born, the field-fairies fluttered about the house a little while, for they love children; but they were soon frightened away. They pitied Benjamin,—for so the baby was called,—and thought it too bad that he must grow up under such wicked influences; so, one moonlight night, while his parents were sound asleep, they stole him, and left a little straw-baby, that looked the very image of him, in his place.

The straw-baby thrived and grew, and, when it was two years old, and could scream and kick quite like its foster-father, another child was born, whom they named William. When the house-fairies saw his blue eyes and yellow hair, they loved him, and, unwilling to leave him in such an unhappy home, they stole him, and left a dough-baby in his place.

In time, a third son was born, and they called him John, after his father. It had seemed as though the wicked Mr. and Mrs. Doe were as bad as they could be, but after John was born they

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grew worse. The gentle wood-fairies determined to save him; so they took a nice white basswood block, and carved a baby out of it that looked exactly like John, and, when they had a chance, they stole John, and left the wooden baby in his cradle.

The parents never guessed that their children had been stolen, and that changelings were growing up in their household. Their evil tempers made their eye-sight poor, and the fairies had done their work well.

The years went by, and the babies grew into manhood. Benjamin, the straw changeling, resembled his father in character and features, and was his favorite. William, the dough changeling, was his mother's pet, and was very like her in mind and body. John, who was made of the basswood stick, resembled no one but himself, and was so stupid the neighbors called him "Blockhead Doe."

When Benjamin was twenty-one years old, his father gave him a bag of beans and a new clasp-knife, and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

He traveled across deserts and plains until he reached the city of Amsterdam, where the first person he met was a custom-house official, who commanded him to open his bean-bag, that he might inspect it.

"I will not!" screamed Benjamin.

"In the name of the Emperor, I command you!" said the officer.

"I sha' n't for him, nor anybody!" roared Benjamin, in a furious passion.

"You shall!" cried the officer.

At that, Benjamin snatched out his new clasp-knife, and slew the officer.

Benjamin was put in prison, and after a trial which lasted two years, two months, and two days, was executed.

After his death, it was found that, instead of the proper interior parts of the human body, there was only shining rye-straw inside of him.

An official dispatch was duly sent to Mr. and Mrs. Doe, announcing the execution of their son, and his crime.

"Alas! alas!" cried the unhappy father. "If I had only trained him right. If I only had!"

And, after that, his family and neighbors noticed a curious change in him; he grew better-tempered, and sometimes a whole month passed without witnessing one of his anger-fits.

When William was twenty-one, his mother gave him a bag of golden ducats, and bade him seek his fortune in the great world. He traveled about, always clasping his bag of ducats to his bosom, and, if possible, adding to his store, but finding neither friends nor pleasure.

One day he heard that in a distant country there was a gold mine of untold richness, and off he started to find it. Soon he came to a wide, deep river. The ferryman would not carry him over it without a fee, so he resolved to swim across. He swam well for a little way, but he soon became water-soaked, and the heavy bag of gold to which he clung carried him to the bottom, and he rose no more.

When the news of his death reached Docville, his mother wept bitterly. "It was I who taught him such saving ways," she sobbed.

As the death of Benjamin had softened the disposition of the father, William's death made generosity spring up in the soul of the mother, and now she asked herself, "To whom can I give? Whom can I make happy?" not "How can I save?" as in former times.

John was twenty-five before he left home. The sorrow his parents felt at the death of their older sons, and a suspicion that John was not well prepared to deal with the cunning world, made them hold him back; but at last he demanded that in his turn he might try his luck, so, with his parents' blessing, and a well-filled purse, he set out.

Round the world he went, like the Wandering Jew, but somehow he could never remember where he came from, nor where he was going, so he could only go on, and on, like the wooden-head he was, and after the day on which they bade him good-bye, his parents never saw his face.

Mr. and Mrs. Doe grew bent and gray and old, but so much were they changed in disposition and conduct, that all the country loved them. The house-fairies came back, and the wood and field fairies flitted about the cottage without fear.

When the little people saw that sorrow had become a purifying fire to these two hearts, and that their souls were growing beautiful as their bodies withered, they resolved to give them the unspeakable joy of seeing their real children.

They had bestowed the tenderest and wisest care upon the babies they had stolen, and the three had become great and noble men. Benjamin was a statesman, high in the confidence of the emperor; William was a general, whose gallant deeds and brilliant victories were the pride of all Brastossig; and John was a learned clergyman, whose good deeds were known all the country round.

The fairies bade them appear together before the door of John Doe of Doeville on midsummer day, and they came promptly. Benjamin wore his finest court-dress, glittering with jeweled orders; William wore his uniform, his sword at his side, and the iron cross upon his breast; and John had on a plain gown of black silk, as became a pastor; and Mr. and Mrs. Doe were the most

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surprised people in the world when they opened the door and beheld these handsome gentlemen.

A very small fairy stood upon the table and related the story of the changed children, and then the Three Sons called the old people "Father"

and "Mother," and if you and I had been there, we should have rejoiced to see the happiness, and crying, and embracing that followed.

And here ends the story of the Three Sons, as told in the Blue Book of Wire Brier Tobit.

THE SAD LITTLE LASS.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



"WHY sit you here, my lass?" said he.

"I came to see the king," said she,—

"To see the king come riding by,

While all the eager people cry,

'God bless the king, and long live he!'

And therefore sit I here," said she.

"Why do you weep, my lass?" said he.

"Because that I am sad," said she.

"For when the king came riding by,

And all the people raised a cry,

I was so small, I could not see.

And therefore do I weep," said she.

"Then weep no more, my lass!" said he.

"And pray, good sir, why not?" said she.

"Lift up your eyes of bonny blue,

And look and look me through and through.

Nor say the king you could not see.

I am the king, my lass!" said he.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CONQUEST.

WHEN, at length, Phaeton got an answer from the chief-engineer concerning his invention, it seemed rather surly.

"This thing won't do at all, boy," said he. "It can't be made to work on a large scale." And he handed the drawing to Phaeton, and then turned his back to him and resumed his work.

Phaeton thrust it into his pocket, and walked out of the shop quite crestfallen. When he told us about it, Ned became indignant.

"I don't believe a word of it," said he; "I see through the whole plot. The chief-engineer has entered into a conspiracy with himself to crush out your invention, because he knows it would do away with all the fire-engines and hook-and-ladders, and the city would n't need a chief-engineer any more, and he could n't draw that nice little salary of a thousand dollars just for running to fires and bossing things."

"I did n't know that the firemen got any pay," said I. "I thought it was a patriotic duty,—besides the fun."

"That's just it," said Ned. "The men who do the hard work don't get a cent; but the chief-engineer, who has more fun than any of us,—for he can choose the best place to see the fire from, and can order the engines to play any way he likes,—gets a thousand dollars a year."

I thought almost everybody had had a better place than Ned's to see the last fire, but I kept my thoughts to myself.

"I'll spoil that job for him," continued Ned.

"How can you do it?" said I.

"By getting Fay's invention patented, and then having it brought before the Common Council at their very next meeting. We might let this city use it free; that would give us a great reputation for patriotism, and bring our fire extinguisher into notice, and then we could make all the other cities pay a big price for it."

"Would n't some people oppose it?" said I.

"Yes, the boys would, because it spoils all the fun of fires; and the chief-engineers would, because it spoils their salaries; but all the other people would go for it, because it saves millions of dollars' worth of property. The women, especially, would be friendly to it, because it saves the scare."

"What's that?" said I, not quite understanding him.

"Why, you must know," said Ned, "that when a woman wakes up in the middle of the night and finds the four walls of her room on fire, and the floor hotter than an oven, and the ceiling cracking open, and the bed-clothes blazing, she's awfully scared, as a general thing."

"I don't doubt it," said I.

"But Fay's invention puts out the fires so quickly, besides keeping them from spreading, that it saves all that anguish of mind, as well as the property."

"It seems to me it's a good plan," said I, referring to Ned's proposal for taking out a patent at once.

"Then we'll go to Aunt Mercy and get the money right away," said he. "What do you say, Fay?"

This conversation took place in the printing-office. Phaeton, after telling us the result of his interviews with the chief-engineer, had taken no further part in it, but busied himself setting type.

"I've no objection," said he, in answer to Ned's question.

"Then let's have your drawing," said Ned, and with that in hand, he and I set off for Aunt Mercy's.

"I don't feel quite right," said Ned, as we went along, "about the way Aunt Mercy has always misunderstood these things. This time, I am determined to make her understand it right."

"You mean, you'll let her know that it's Phaeton's invention, and not yours?" said I.

"That's the main thing," said he. "I've got a good deal of credit that belonged to him; but I never meant to take it. She has always managed to misunderstand, somehow, and I could never see any way to correct it without spoiling the whole business."

"But if you tell her that, will she let you have the money?" said I.

"Not so easily, of course," said Ned; "but still Aunt Mercy's a good-hearted woman, after all, and I think I can talk her into doing the generous thing by Fay."

We found Aunt Mercy apparently in an unpleasant mood, from some mysterious cause. But Ned talked away in a lively manner, and when she began to brighten up, he gradually approached the subject which he really had in mind.

"Aunty," said he, "don't you ever feel afraid of fire?"

"Yes, indeed, Edmund Burton," said she. "I'm afraid of it all the time, especially since I've had this new girl in the kitchen. It seems to me she's very careless."

"If your house should take fire in the night, and burn up the stairs the first thing, how would you get out?" said Ned.

"I really don't know," said she. "I ought, by good rights, to be taken out of the window and down a ladder by some gallant fireman. But it seems to me they don't have any such gentlemen now for firemen as they used to. They're more of a rowdy set."

"They're certainly not very gentle," said Ned. "Did you hear how they knocked Mr. Glidden's house and furniture to pieces at the last fire?"

"Yes; but why were they allowed to do so?" said she.

"That's it," said Ned. "Somebody, out of all the people there, ought to have had sense enough to stop them. As for myself, I was n't there. I was going, but was detained on the way."

"If you had been, you'd have stopped them, I've no doubt," said his aunt.

"I should have tried to, I hope," said Ned. "And now, Aunty, I'd like to show you a little invention for doing away with all those horrors."

"Something you want me to furnish money to make a muddle of, I suppose?" said she.

"Well, yes, if it pleases you," and here Ned produced the drawing of the fire extinguisher.

"And now I want to tell you, Aunty, that this is not my own invention, but my brother's; and I think it's about the best he's ever made."

"U-m-m-m," said Aunt Mercy.

Ned then proceeded to explain the drawing.

"I see it all quite plainly," said Aunt Mercy, when he had finished. "My house takes fire ——"

"I hope not," said Ned.

"The alarm is given, and this thing is brought out ——"

"Just so," said Ned.

"In about a minute it is clapped right down over the house ——"

"Precisely," said Ned.

"And smothers the fire instantly ——"

"That's it exactly," said Ned.

"And smothers me in it, as well."

Ned was dumfounded for a minute, but soon came to his senses.

"As to that," said he, "it's to be supposed that you'd run out of the house just before we put on the extinguisher. But the fact is, Aunty, you've suggested an improvement already. Of course, we shall have to build the extinguisher with several

flaps, like tent-doors, so that if there *are* any people in the house, they can easily escape."

"And you think I ought to furnish that brother of yours the money to make a proper muddle of this thing?"

"I should be glad if you would," said Ned.

"Well," said Aunt Mercy, "there's a piece of his work in the kitchen now. I wish you'd step out and look at it, and *then* tell me what you think."

Ned and I walked out to the kitchen. There stood the skeletons of half a dozen chairs—those from which we had taken the rounds to make our rope-ladder.

"Those look well, don't they?" said Aunt Mercy, who had followed us. "They belonged to my great-grandfather, and were probably not new in his time. I had them stored at your house, and yesterday I sent a furniture man to get them and polish them up for me. He brings them home in this plight, and tells me the mischief has been done recently, for the saw-cuts are all fresh. They were priceless relics; I would n't have taken ten dollars apiece for them; and your brother has ruined every one of them."

Ned was staggered, and I wondered what he would find to say. But he was equal to the occasion.

"Aunty," said he, "Fay did n't do that ——"

"Don't tell me, child; nobody but a boy would ever have thought of such mischief."

"Very true," said Ned; "it *was* a boy—two boys—and we two are the ones."

Aunt Mercy turned pale with astonishment. Apparently, it had never occurred to her that Ned could do any mischief.

"We sawed out the rounds," he continued, "to make a rope-ladder. But we did n't know the chairs were good for anything, or we would n't have touched them. If there's any way we can put them in again, we'll do it. I suppose we can get them all—excepting a few that the policeman carried off."

Aunt Mercy was still more confounded. "Rope-ladder"—"policeman"—that sounded like robbery and State-prison.

"Go home, Edmund Burton," said she, as soon as she could get her breath. "Go home at once, and take away out of my house this bad boy who has led you into evil ways."

Ned wanted to explain my innocence; but I took myself out of the house with all possible haste, and he soon followed.

"It's of no use," said he. "Aunt Mercy's heavily prejudiced against me."

When all this was told at the Rogers's breakfast-table next morning, Mr. Rogers could not help

laughing heartily. He said his sister valued the chairs far above their real worth, though of course that did not excuse us for sawing out the rounds.

"But as for patenting your invention, boys," said he, "you need not trouble yourselves. It has been tried."

"How can it have been tried?" said Phaeton.

"As a great many others are," said his father. "By being stolen first. The reason why our worthy chief-engineer kept putting you off was, because he thought it was a good invention, and wanted to appropriate it. He had a model built, and applied for a patent through lawyer Stevens, from whom I have the information. The application was rejected by the Patent Office, and he had just received notice of it when you called on him yesterday, and found him so surly. His model cost him forty dollars, the Patent Office fee on a rejected application is fifteen dollars, and he had to pay his lawyer something besides. You can guess at the lawyer's fee, and the express company's charge for taking the model and drawings to Washington, and reckon up how much his dishonesty cost him."

"But what puzzles me," said Ned, "is the rejection. That 's such a splendid invention, I should think they would have given it a patent right away."

"It does seem so," said Mr. Rogers, who never liked to discourage the boys by pointing out the fatal defects in their contrivances; "but the Commissioner probably had some good reason for it. A great many applications are rejected, for one cause or another."

Phaeton had suddenly ceased to take any part or interest in the conversation, and Ned observed that he was cutting his bread and butter into very queer shapes. One was the profile of a chair; another was a small cylinder, notched on the end.

As soon as breakfast was over, Phaeton took his hat and disappeared. He went up to his aunt's house, and asked to see the mutilated chairs.

"I think they can be mended," said he, half-aloud, as if talking to himself.

"Of course they can," said his aunt. "The cabinet-maker can put in new rounds, but those would n't be the old rounds, and he 'd be obliged to take the chairs apart, more or less, to get them in. I don't want anything new about them, and I don't want them weakened by being pulled apart. I 'd like to have them as they were at first. Unless they are the same old chairs, every splinter of them, that stood in Grandfather's dining-room, they can have no value for me."

"I think I could put in the old rounds, without taking the chairs apart," said Phaeton; "and if you 'll let me, I 'll take one home and try it."

"Try what you like," said Aunt Mercy. "You can't make them look any worse than they do now."

So Phaeton took up one of the ancient chairs, inverted it, and placed it on his head as the easiest way of carrying it, and marched home.

His next care was to secure the missing rounds.

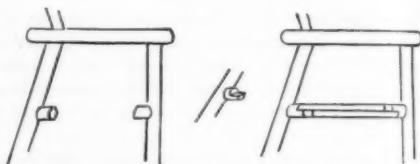


DIAGRAM SHOWING PHAETON'S METHOD OF REPLACING THE CHAIR-ROUNDS.

He came over to our house and got the rope-ladder, and then went to the police-station and had the good fortune to recover the piece which the over-shrewd policeman had carried off as evidence. This gave him the whole twenty-four rounds, and it did not take him long to select from them the four that had been sawed from that particular chair which he had in hand. Ned and I had done our work hurriedly, and somewhat roughly, and no two were sawed precisely alike. We had sawed them so that stubs, perhaps an inch long, were left sticking out from the legs.

Phaeton procured a fine saw, and sawed one of the rounds in two, lengthwise, thus splitting it in halves, each of which, of course, had one flat side and one curved side.

Then he sawed in each of the two stubs, which had originally been parts of that same round, a notch, or "shoulder," which cut away about half of the stub,—the upper side of one and the lower side of the other,—carefully saving the pieces that came out of the notches.

Then he put the two halves of the round together, as they were before being sawed apart,—excepting that he slid them upon each other, lengthwise, a distance equal to the length of the notches in the stubs.

Now, as he held the reconstructed round in its place in the chair, it just fitted, and there was sufficient overlap on the stubs to make a secure fastening possible. Near each end there was a small vacant space, into which the pieces cut out to make the notches in the stubs exactly fitted.

Phaeton procured a pot of glue, and fastened the pieces together and in place. To give the work greater strength, he carefully bored a hole through the stub and the overlapping end of the round, put in a piece of large copper wire, a trifle longer than

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the hole, and, holding a large hammer against one end, gently pounded on the other with a tack-hammer, until he had flattened it out into a rivet-head; then reversed the hammers and made a head on the other end.

Finally, as he had no vise or hand-screws, he placed a strip of wood on each side of the mended round, tied a piece of strong cord in a loose hanging-loop around each end, put a stick through, and twisted them up tight,—the sticks resting against the legs of the chair, which prevented the cords from untwisting. He thus made what a surgeon

genius, like that fire extinguisher; but when you come down to a real thing that's got to be fixed, and nobody else can fix it, he's right there every time."

Phaeton treated the other three rounds of the chair in the same way, and then set it by for the glue to harden. When that had taken place, he took off the tourniquets, scraped and sand-papered the rounds, so as to leave no unevenness at the edges of the pieces, and then varnished them.

Waiting for that varnish to dry was one of the severest trials of patience we ever endured. But it was dry at last, and of course Ned and I were proud to go with Phaeton when he carried home his work.

He left the chair in the hall, where Ned and I also remained, and went in first to speak to his aunt.

"Seems to me things are mightily changed," said Ned, in a humiliated tone, "when Fay walks in to see Aunt Mercy, and I stay outside. But I suppose it's all right."

We heard his aunt say to Phaeton:

"I'd given up looking for you. I knew you'd find you could n't do it; but I know you tried hard, poor boy, and I'm just as much obliged to you."

Presently Phaeton came out and got the chair, and this time we went in with him.

He set it down before his astonished aunt, and carefully explained to her the whole process, showing her that not a splinter of any but the original wood had been used.

That cobbled-up old chair went straight to Aunt Mercy's heart, and seated Phaeton in her affections forever.

She made us all stay and take tea with her, and after tea we took home the other five chairs to be similarly treated; Phaeton marching first with two on his head, then Ned with two more, and I bringing up the rear with the odd one on my head.

CHAPTER XX.

RINGS, SCISSORS, AND BOOTS.

PHAETON's fame as an inventor and general engineer was growing rapidly among the boys. They had great faith in his powers, and in some of them a similar inventive spirit was awakened, though none of them accomplished much. They very commonly came to consult him when they thought they had an idea.

One day Holman came to the printing-office when we were all there,—including Jimmy, who, with the help of Wilson's treatise on punctuation,



THE BOYS CARRY AWAY AUNT MERCY'S CHAIRS FOR MENDING.

would call a couple of tourniquets, to hold his work firmly together while the glue was hardening.

Ned and I had watched all these operations with intense interest.

"I tell you what it is," said Ned, "Fay sometimes makes mistakes when he goes sailing off in the realms of imagination with his inventive

was learning to read proof,—and said he thought he knew how to make a fortune.

"That 's a good thing to know," said Phaeton.

"But I can't be quite sure that I do know it," said Holman, "till I talk with you about some parts of the scheme."

"I shall be glad to help you all I can," said Phaeton.

"I don't care to make any secret of it," continued Holman, "because, if it can be carried out, we shall have to make a sort of joint-stock company, and take in several of the boys."

"Will it make us a fortune apiece?" said Ned, "or only one fortune, to be divided up among the company?"

"That depends on how much you consider a fortune," answered Holman. "The main thing I want to know, Fay, is this: whether it is possible to invent some way of going under water, and working there without a big, heavy diving-bell."

"I think," said Phaeton, "that other and lighter apparatus has been invented already; but if not, I should think it could be."

"Then we are all right," said Holman. "I know where the fortune is,—there 's no uncertainty about that,—but it 's under water a few feet, and it wont do to go for it with any large and noticeable machinery."

"Fay can easily invent a pocket diving-bell," said Ned.

"Do you know the history of Venice?" said Holman.

Phaeton said he knew the outlines of her history, Jimmy said he knew about the "Bucentaur" and the bronze horses, but Ned and I confessed total ignorance.

"I 've just been reading it," said Holman, "and that 's where I got my idea. You must know that when Venice was a rich republic, the Doge—who was the same as a president or mayor—used to go out once a year in a big row-boat called the "Bucentaur," with banners and streamers, and a brass band, and a lot of jolly fellows, and marry the Adriatic Sea, as they called it. That is, he threw a splendid wedding-ring into the water, and then I suppose they all gave three cheers, and fired a salute, and had some lemonade, and perhaps made speeches that were a little tedious, like those we have to listen to at school on examination day. At any rate, he threw in the ring, and that 's the important thing."

"What was all that for?" said Ned.

"Jack-in-the-Box told me," said Holman, "it was because the Venetians were a sea-going people, and all their wealth came from commerce, and so this ceremony signified their devotion to the sea. But, as I was saying, this was done regularly every

year for six hundred and twenty years; and what makes it lucky for us is, that it was always done at the same spot—the Porto di Lido, a little channel through that long narrow island that lies a little off shore."

"I don't see where the luck for us comes in," said I. "If the Doges had been our grandfathers, and bequeathed us the rings instead of throwing them away, there might be some luck in that."

"Wait till you see what I 'm coming to," said Holman. "The Adriatic is a shallow sea,—I 've looked up all the facts,—and my idea is, that we might as well have those rings as for them to lie there doing nobody any good."

"How much are they worth?" said Ned.

"You can calculate it for yourself," said Holman. "As I said before, the ceremony was repeated every year, for six hundred and twenty years. Of course, we might not get quite all of them—throw off the twenty; there are six hundred rings. They must have been splendid ones, worth at least a hundred-dollars apiece. There 's sixty thousand dollars, all in a huddle in that one spot."

"But don't you suppose," said Ned, "that after awhile those cunning old Doges would stop throwing in solid gold rings with real diamonds on them, and use brass ones washed with gold, and paste diamonds?"

"I think not," said Holman. "For they did n't have to pay for them—the bill was footed by the Common Council. And they could n't try that without getting caught. For of course the ring would be on exhibition a week or so in the window of some fashionable jewelry-store, and the newspapers would tell that it was furnished by the celebrated establishment of So-and-So."

"But don't you suppose," said Phaeton, "that, as soon as it was dark, some fellow went out quietly in a little skiff, and dived for the ring? Some of those Italians are wonderful divers."

"I think not," said Holman, "for the ring would be of no use to a Venetian: he would n't dare offer it for sale."

"How do you propose to get them?"

"My plan is, first to invent some kind of diving apparatus that is small, and can be packed in a valise; then, for us all to save up all the money we can get, till we have enough to pay the traveling expenses of two of us from here to Venice. We could go cheap in a sailing-vessel. Suppose you and I went, Fay; we 'd ask the Venetians about the fishing, and buy or hire some tackle, and put a lunch in our valise, with the diving apparatus, and get a skiff and start off. I 've planned the very course. When you leave the city, you steer a little east of north-east; row about four miles, and there you are."

"That 's easy enough," said I,—"only a little over half the distance from here to Charlotte, which we 've all rowed scores of times."

"When we get there," Holman continued, "we 'll fish awhile, to lull suspicion, and then I 'll quietly get into the diving apparatus and drop into the water, with the valise in my hand. It would n't take me long to scoop up those rings, once I got amongst them; then, of course, Fay would haul me up, and we 'd hurry home and divide. We could easily turn the rings into money."

"I should think we might get more for them as curiosities than as old gold," said I.

"That 's a good idea," said Holman.

"But we must n't be in a hurry to sell them *all*," said Jimmy the Rhymers. "When a fellow grows up and gets engaged, one of those would be an awful romantic thing to give to the lady."

"I know a better way than that to get them, though," said Ned.

"Let 's hear."

"Just invent some kind of magnet that 'll stick to gold, as a common magnet sticks to iron, and put a good strong one in the butt end of your fish-pole; then, when the Venetians were looking, you could be fishing; and when they were not looking, you could drop the big end of the pole into the water, poke around a little on the bottom, and haul up a ring. Maybe sometimes you 'd haul up a dozen at once, all sticking together like a cluster of grapes."

Whether Holman was in earnest, or was only testing the credulity of us younger boys, I never knew; but we took it all in good faith, and went home that night to dream of loading our fingers with rings, and spending sixty thousand dollars divided into five shares. However Holman may have been jesting in this scheme for acquiring a fortune for himself, in a few days after he actually entered upon a rather ludicrous performance to get a little money for somebody else.

There were two Red Rovers in our town—in fact, there were three. The reader has already made the acquaintance of the fire-company and engine known as Red Rover Three. A man who had once belonged to that company, but was now past the prime of life, and honorably retired from the service, made his living by grinding knives and scissors.

But he was too much of a Yankee to go about with a wheel in a little frame strapped upon his back, and a bell in his hand, to be rung monotonously from street to street. He built a peculiar carriage,—a square framework, about four feet high and six feet long,—running on four large wheels, wherein was a bewildering mass of machinery. Standing behind it, and laying his

hands upon two great brass knobs, he walked slowly through the streets, pushing it before him in a dignified manner, to the awe of the boys and the wonderment of the whole town. It went with an easy motion, the wheels making only a subdued and genteel noise. Surmounting it in front was a large bell, which was struck at solemn and impressive intervals. This apparatus both increased his patronage and elevated the dignity of the profession. He had no vulgar and noisy cry, soliciting custom in a half-intelligible jargon. People who wanted their scissors ground came to the doors with them when they heard his bell. Then the wheels of the chariot stopped, the charioteer lifted his hat in salutation, and the negotiation seemed like a matter of friendly favor, rather than bargain and pay.

In order to grind, he opened a little gate in the rear of the machine, stepped inside, closed the gate behind him, and seated himself upon a small shelf which was fastened to the gate. His feet were then placed upon two pedals, and the machinery began to move.

Five small grindstones, of different sizes and fineness, revolved before him. At his right hand was a little anvil; at his left, a vise, and under it a box of small tools.

About the middle of the machine, on the top, was a small figure of a Scottish Highlander, with bag-pipes under his arm. The bag—which was of painted tin—was filled with water; and a plug, withdrawn from the longest of the pipes, allowed the water to trickle down upon the knife-wheel. Scissors were generally ground on a dry wheel. When the machinery was in motion, the pipes played something, intended for music, between a squeak and a whistle; so that when he was traveling, the bell rang, and when he was grinding, the pipes played.

On one of the front corners was a little bronze bust of Washington, and on the other was one of Franklin; between them was a clock, with a marine movement.

The whole frame and running gear were painted a bright red, and garnished with shining brass ornaments. The man called his machine Red Rover, after the beloved engine with which he used to run, and the name appeared on the side in brass letters. It seemed as if he must spend the greater part of his earnings on its improvement and embellishment. The man himself, whose hair was broadly streaked with gray, was called "the Old Red Rover," and we never knew him by any other name.

He lived in a little bit of a house by the canal; and the machine, which was always kept in shining order, had to be taken in-doors every night.

How he managed to find room in the house for himself, his wife, and his four children, besides the machine, we could never imagine—and it was none of our business. That little house by the canal was as much the Old Red Rover's castle as the palaces that you and I live in, dear reader, are ours.

I think it was a week after our conversation concerning the Doge's rings, when, one Saturday, Ned and I heard the bell ring, and saw the Red Rover coming up the street, with Isaac Holman propelling it, instead of its owner.

This was rather astonishing, and of course an immediate explanation was demanded.

"Why, you see," said Holman, "Mother had been for a long time wishing the Old Red Rover would come around, for every pair of scissors in the house was as dull as a Dutch grammar. At last she got tired waiting, and so I went to his house with them. I found that he was laid up with rheumatism, and had n't been out for five weeks. It looked to me as if the family were on short rations, and I began to think what I could do for them. I thought the best thing would be, to take the machine and spend the day in going around grinding scissors, and at night take home the money to the Old Red Rover."

"Yes," said Ned, "that 's the very best thing; it 's more fun than anything else you could have thought of."

"He was rather afraid to let me try it," continued Holman, "but Mrs. The-Old-Red-Rover was greatly pleased with the idea, and soon persuaded him. 'Be very tender with her—she 's the pride of my life,' said he, as we rolled it out through the door-way; and he did n't mean his wife—he meant the machine."

We had often kept this machine company as it passed through the streets in charge of its owner, and it was doubly interesting now when one of our own number was allowed to run it. So of course we went along with Holman on his benevolent tour. Other boys also joined us, the unusually large crowd attracted attention, we were all ready to explain the situation to people who stood in the doors or looked out through the windows, and the result was that Holman had plenty of work.

Soon after turning into West street, he began to go much more slowly. At the house where Miss Glidden had been living since the fire, nobody appeared at door or window. It happened that right here something got out of order in the machine—at least, Holman said it did, and he had to stop stock-still and tinker at it a long time; but I was not able to see what was out of order.

At last Miss Glidden appeared at the door, and inquired what was going on. Monkey Roe ran up the steps and informed her.

"It 's entirely a work of mercy," said he, "and you 'd be doing a benevolent thing to give him as many scissors as possible to sharpen."

Miss Glidden invited him in, and soon collected three pairs of scissors and a pair of shears, which she requested him to take out and have ground for her.

"Is this all you have?" said Monkey Roe, in a tone signifying that he considered it a very small crop.

"There may be more," said she. "Biddy,"—to the servant,—"*bring any scissors you have that need grinding.*"

Biddy brought from the kitchen a pair that were used to trim lamps.

"Is this all, Biddy?" said Monkey.

"I don't know—I 'll see, sir," said Biddy; and Monkey followed her to the kitchen.

Next to it he found a sort of combined work-room and store-room, the door of which stood open, and looking over its contents, he soon discovered a pair of tinsmiths' shears, a pair of sheep-shears, a drawing-knife, a coopers' adze, and a rusty broad-ax, all of which, with the family carving-knife brought by Biddy, he added to the collection of scissors and shears brought to him by Miss Glidden, and then he came carefully down the steps with the cutlery in his arms.

"Here, Holman," said he, "Miss Glidden wants you to sharpen these few things for the good cause."

"*Boni cani calcei!*—Good gracious!" exclaimed Holman, "does she think I 'm Hercules?"

"No," said Monkey, in a low tone, "but I believe she thinks you 're Her—admirer."

"But I suppose it must be done," Isaac added, not hearing Monkey's remark. And he took off his jacket and went to work manfully.

The scissors were soon disposed of, as were also the carving-knife and the drawing-knife; but the other articles were somewhat troublesome. About all he could do with the broad-ax was to grind off the rust that completely coated it. The tinsmiths' shears were a heavy job, and the sheep-shears utterly baffled him, till at last he gave up trying to sharpen them on the grindstone, and, finding a file in the tool-box, applied that to their edges, against the solemn protest of Monkey Roe, who declared it would take the temper out of the steel.

"And when Miss Glidden sees them, it may bring her temper out, too," he added.

"Can't help it," said Holman; "and now the lot 's finished, and you may take it in and collect the pay."

He had just begun to study book-keeping, and opening a little drawer in the machine, he found a scrap of paper and made out this bill:

Miss V. GLIDDEN,	Dr.
To Mr. THE-OLD-RED-ROVER,	
To sharpening 3 prs. scissors, @ 6c.....	\$0.18
" " " shears, @ 8c.....	16
" " " tin-smiths' shears.....	15
" " " sheep-shears.....	10
" " " drawing-knife.....	8
" " " adze.....	6
" " " broad-ax.....	20
" " " carving-knife.....	8
	\$1.01

Received payment,
THE OLD RED ROVER,
pr. Holman.

Monkey took this and the armful of cutlery, and carried them in to Miss Glidden, who was somewhat surprised, as she had not known exactly what

you 've touched," said Phaeton. "Don't you know that scissors must be ground on the edge of the blade, not on the side, like a knife? If you grind away the sides, the blades can't touch each other, and so can't cut at all."

"I declare, I believe that 's so," said Holman. "I thought it was kind of queer that none of the scissors would really cut anything; but I was sure I had made them sharp, and so supposed they were all old, worn-out things that would n't cut, any way. I guess you 'd better take my place, Fay."

Phaeton declined to do this, but went along as confidential adviser.

We wound about through a great number of streets, the accompanying crowd of boys being



"ISAAC HOLMAN WENT TO WORK MANFULLY WITH THE GRINDING MACHINE."

he was about. However, she laughingly paid the bill, and he carefully piled the articles on the parlor table, and came away.

I observed that Holman put the dollar into the drawer where he had put all the other money, but the cent he put into his pocket. Then he took another cent from another pocket, and threw it into the drawer.

We had traveled perhaps half a mile farther, and Holman had ground something like forty pairs of scissors in all, when we were joined by Phaeton, who watched him as he ground the next pair.

"Is that the way you 've ground them all?" said he, when it was finished.

"Yes, of course—why?" said Holman.

"Because if you have, you 've ruined every pair

sometimes larger and sometimes smaller, and ground a great many knives and scissors.

On turning a corner into a by-street that bore the proud name of Fairfax, we came suddenly upon Jimmy the Rhymer. He was sitting on a bowlder, with a quantity of printed bills over his left arm, a paste-brush in his right hand, and a small bucket of paste on the ground beside him. He looked tired and melancholy.

The outward situation was soon explained. A man who had kept a cobbler's shop for many years, but had recently enlarged it into something like a shoe-store, had employed us to print some bills to be posted up on the fences and dead-walls, announcing the event. They began with the startling legend, printed in our largest type,

GO IT BOOTS! which was followed by an account of the new store and new goods, written in very elaborate and impressive style, the favorite rhetorical figure being hyperbole.

Looking about for some one to post them who would do it more cheaply than the regular bill-poster of the town, the cobbler had thought of Jimmy, who accepted the job because he wanted to earn a little money.

"Are you sick, Jimmy?" said Phaeton, observing his dejection.

"Not in body," said Jimmy, "but I am sick in mind—sick at heart."

"Why, what 's the matter?"

"Look at that," said Jimmy, slowly raising his hand and pointing at one of the bills which he had just posted on a barn-door. "'Go it Boots!'"—he quoted it very slowly. "What do I care about going it boots? I could n't go it boots if I wanted to. There is no more going it boots for me in this world."

"I don't quite understand you," said Phaeton.

"I mean," said Jimmy, "that my soul yearns for poetry—for the beautiful in nature and art. And it disgusts me to think of spending my time in spreading such literature through the world."

"That is n't complimentary to us," said Ned. "We spent considerable time in printing it."

"I suppose you get paid for it," said Phaeton.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "or I should n't do it."

"Then it seems to me," said Phaeton, "you might look upon it as only so much drudge-work done to purchase leisure and opportunity for the work you delight in. Many famous men have been obliged to get along in that way."

"Yes, cheer up," said Monkey Roe. "Look at us: we're having lots of fun over drudgier work than yours. Come along with us, and we'll make one circus of the whole thing—two entertainments under one canvas, as the bills say. Holman has plenty of help, so I'll be your assistant."

And he took the brush and paste-bucket, while Jimmy still carried the bills, and we all moved on.

As Jimmy walked beside the machine, he and Holman resumed some former conversation.

"Can't you make up your mind to do it, if I double the price?" said Holman.

"On the contrary," said Jimmy, "I've made up my mind that I *won't* do it, at *any* price."

"Why not?" asked Holman.

"For two reasons," answered Jimmy. "One is, that I don't think it's honest to write such things for anybody else to pass off as his own."

"And the other?" said Holman.

"The other is," said Jimmy, speaking much lower, but still so that I who was next to him could hear, "and I may as well tell you plainly, Isaac,—

the other is, that I have some hopes in that direction myself, and if I write anything more for her, I'll send it as my own."

"You?" said Holman, in astonishment.

"Certainly," said Jimmy, with great coolness, as if he felt himself master of the situation, "and I think my claim is better than yours. Whatever there is between you and her—if there is anything—is entirely of your seeking. But in my case it's all of her seeking; she sent me flowers every day when I was laid up."

"That's nothing—that does n't mean anything," said Holman.

"If it does n't, then I've read the poets all wrong," said Jimmy.

"*Poete apud suspensi!*—poets be hanged!" exclaimed Isaac, and then gave a prolonged whistle, which closed the conversation.

Phaeton, who also had overheard, opened his mouth as if to say something to Jimmy, but checked himself. Yet he was obliged to utter it somehow, and so whispered in my ear: "If it comes to that, my claim is even better than his, for she gave flowers to me when I was not an object of pity."

The way Monkey Roe did that job created an epoch in bill-posting. We passed the office of a veterinary surgeon, who had the skeleton of a horse, mounted on a board, for a sign; and Monkey whipped off one of the bills from Jimmy's arm, and pasted it right across the skeleton's ribs.

We came to a loaded coal-cart, broken down in the street by the crushing of a wheel, and he pasted one on that. We passed a tobacco-shop, in front of which stood a life-size wooden statue of a bare-legged and plaided Highlander; and Monkey pasted a Go it Boots! on his naked shin.

We met a beggar who went about on two crutches, but who was known to be an impostor; and after he had passed us, a bill was on his coat-tail, like the cheapest kind of April-fool.

We passed a windmill that had been put up as an experiment, and had failed; and he pasted one of the bills on each of the sails—revolving it enough to bring each of them near the ground in turn—and one on the door.

On whatever he saw that could n't go it at all, he was sure to fasten this advice to go it boots. I think Monkey was a very ironical boy.

"There, Jimmy," said he, as he disposed of the last bill, "you see it's only necessary to approach your work in the right spirit to make it a pleasure, as the school-master says."

About five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were all pretty tired, we returned the Red Rover safely to its home, and Holman gladdened Mrs. The-Old-Red-Rover with more money than she had seen in a long time, for which she was

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very grateful. As we turned away, we met their eldest boy, Johnny The-Old-Red-Rover, bringing a basketful of bark which he had cut from the oaken logs in the saw-mill yard. Before we were out of sight of the house, the smoke curled out of the little chimney, and I've no doubt they celebrated the day with a joyful supper.

As we passed the Box, we stopped to speak with Jack. He was flagging an express train that was creeping slowly into the city, retarded by a hot box. When it had reached the crossing, it stopped entirely, and most of the passengers thrust their heads out at the windows. One of these heads came out in such a way as to be exactly face-to-face with Jack, the interval between them being less than a yard. Jack gave a piercing shriek, and fell to the ground.

Phaeton and I ran to him, and picked him up.

"He 's in a fit," said I.

"No," said Phaeton, "I think he has only fainted. Bring water."

I found a pitcher-full in the Box, and we poured it upon his face. This brought him to.

He looked about in a dazed way for a moment, then seemed to recollect himself, and turned toward the track. But the train had passed on.

"Phaeton," said he, "will you please stand here and flag a freight train that will come along in about ten minutes?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," said Phaeton, receiving the flag.

"And after that has passed, haul down the red ball, and run up the white one; then turn that second switch and lock it."

"All right!" said Phaeton. "I understand."

Jack then picked up his cap, and started on a run, crossing the public square diagonally, taking the shortest route to the passenger station.

(To be continued.)



WHAT do they bring me at morn and noon,
And what do they bring me at night?
A bonny blue bowl, and a silver spoon,
All polished so smooth and so bright, so bright.
This do they bring me at morn and noon,
And this do they bring me at night.

What do I see in my bonny blue bowl,
To eat with my silver spoon?
Crusty crumbs of a baker's roll,
And milk as white as the moon, the moon.
This do I find in my bonny blue bowl,
To eat with my silver spoon.

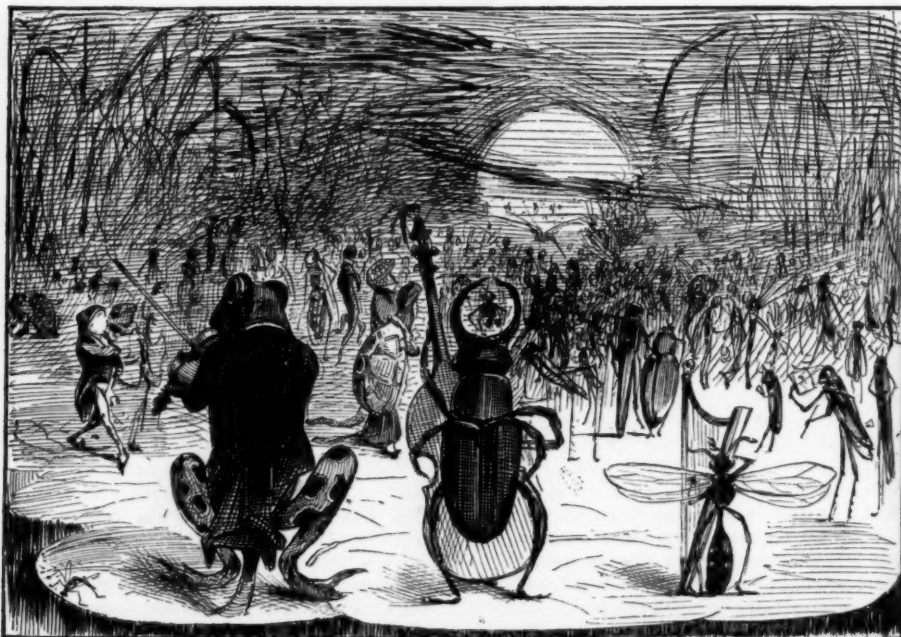


THE DRAGON-FLY'S BENEFIT.

BY HELEN K. SPOFFORD.

OH, the Dragon-fly opened a nice dancing-school
 On a broad lily-pad, in a deep, quiet pool.
 "Professor Neuropter," his business cards read
 When to teach fancy dancing he adver-tis-éd.

The school, though not large, was, as one
 might expect
 From the tone of the master, extremely select;
 And all the first families gave their consent,
 So gayly the young to the dancing-school went.



The tadpoles and lizards and pollywogs came,
And other fair reptiles too many to name;
The chelonians to send their small turtles
were glad,
And a few midgets danced on the green lily-pad.

Batrachians and saurians with insect-tribes met
Here, friendly and courteous, were joined in
a set.
And well the school flourished through bright
summer days,
And the progress it made was well worthy of
praise.

So esteemed was Professor Neuropter by all,
That they voted to give him a benefit ball
At the end of the term, which was coming
quite soon;
And the night they selected was that of full
moon.

Ere long came the evening; the great moon
shone bright.

O'er the shimmering pool on this gay festal
night.

More lily-pads widened the floor to good size,
And for lighting they hir-èd a hundred fire-
flies.

Spectators assembled to view the fair scene
Of that gor-ge-ous ball on the lily-pads green;

The orchestra tun-èd the instruments all,
As the gay little people marched in for the hall.

Mr. Frog played the fiddle with infinite grace,
And Beetle chimed in with his big double bass;
Professor Mosquito the orchestra led,
And a wasp on a wind-harp ac-com-pan-i-ed.

Then swift flew the dancers to music so sweet,
And as swift flew the hours, for the joy was
complete.

But ah! comes too soon the sad part of my tale,
When the red rising sun makes the fire-flies
grow pale.

For alas! while the morning hours dancing
they spend,

The revelers little suspect their sad end;
Still reeling they go in the midst of a dance,
While death o'er the water doth swiftly advance.

For, weary with searching and finding no food,
A duck glides along with her large hungry
brood.

The hum of the orchestra falls on her ear—
Behold what a banquet is waiting her here!

They quietly gather around that hall gay,
Each bill poised above its un-con-sci-ous prey;
One snap, and the ducklings have breakfasted
all!

And here ends my tale,—and the benefit ball.



THE BOOMEBO BOY.

BY WM. W. NEWTON.

"WHO was the Boomebo Boy?" asked Ethel, as she sat in her father's lap, before the fire, while Willie was balancing himself on the embroidered foot-rest, after the manner of a circus-rider on the back of a horse.

"Why, my child," said her father, "have n't I often told you the verses beginning:

"There's a sound on the highway, a sound on the by-way,
A note as of musical joy;
Oh, run you, Maria, and light up the fire,
For here comes the Boomebo Boy!"

"Oh, yes," said Ethel, "but you never go on any further. I don't know who Maria was, nor who the Boomebo Boy was, nor what they wanted to light a fire for."

"Yes," added Willie, "and I don't believe there ever was any Boomebo Boy."

"Oh, wont you believe it? oh, wont you receive it?
Oh, say, do you think it's a toy?
Oh, run get the water, my son and my daughter,
For here comes the Boomebo Boy!"

"Is that the second verse?" asked Ethel. "I never heard it before."

"Nor I, neither," said Willie. "But what did they want the water for? Was it a toy, or was it a real live boy? and why did they call him Boomebo? Was that his first name or his father's name? I wish you would tell me all about him, Father."

"Oh, say, would you rather I'd be a good father,
And never my children annoy?
Or tell of the fairy, so very unwary,
Who was caught by the Boomebo Boy?"

"I don't understand you one bit," said Ethel to her father. "Are you making it all up, or is that the third verse? Now, begin at the beginning, and go right straight on to the end. Begin in the regular way, you know: 'Once upon a time there was a boy named Boomebo, and he lived—in a cave or something—and '—"

"He caught her. He caught her—the witch's fair daughter—
And taught her a different employ:
He first tried to throttle her—then tried to bottle her—
Terrible Boomebo Boy!"

"Please, Father, *do* tell us all about it, in the right way!" cried little Ethel. "Don't tease us any more. You have so often said you would tell us all about the Boomebo Boy, and yet you have never gone any further than the first verse, about 'Run you, Maria, and light up the fire.'"

"Oh, yes, please do!" chimed in Willie. "I do so want to hear about it all."

"He lighted a taper, and searched through the vapor,
Determined to save or destroy;
From above, and from under, with a shout as of wonder,
They sat on the Boomebo Boy."

"Well, Father," said Willie, "I think you *might* tell us! I don't care to hear any more of this story. It troubles me so. I can not make it out. Who sat down on the Boomebo Boy? And what did they do it for?"

"A terrible rattle, which seemed like a battle,
With shoutings of 'Vive le Roi,'
Was heard on the highway, was heard on the by-way
And he vanished—the Boomebo Boy."

"Is that the end of it?" asked little Ethel. "Dear me, I do wish I knew what it all meant."

"Well, now, my dear children," replied their father, "I will tell you all about it, honor bright, from the very beginning, and with no poetry in it."

So they nestled in their father's arms, and he told them the story of the Boomebo Boy.

"You remember reading, a few months ago, a story in *ST. NICHOLAS* * about 'Mumbo Jumbo,' who roams among the native tribes in Africa, and what a curious fellow he is, and what queer things he does. Well, when I was a little boy, I went away alone by myself to Brazil. It was a very long voyage, and we had a great many adventures on the way. At last, after forty days at sea, we arrived at Pernambuco, a city in the empire of Brazil. Here I spent the winter on a large plantation, traveling about the country, and visiting the different towns and villages, and seeing the many strange sights of that foreign land. One city which I used to visit was named Olinda. It was directly on the ocean, and was made up of a great number of churches and convents. Another place, where I very frequently staid with some friends, was named Cashingar, after a city in Persia. It was here that I saw the real live Boomebo Boy.

"One day, as I was playing with the little children and the poor little black slaves, in the court-yard of the plantation, I heard the lady of the house call out: 'Run, Maria! Light the fire—the Boomebo Boy is coming!'

"As she said this, we could hear the noise of a great company of people, with drums and trumpets, coming down the road. They all were black slaves, but they were dressed in white and pink

* *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1881.

and yellow ribbons, and they had feathers and fans, and flags and banners, and they were dancing and jumping from side to side on the dusty road. They had one old slave in a chair; he was their king. He had a paper crown on his head, and a gilt stick or scepter in his hand. This king of theirs was the descendant of their real king when they lived in Africa, before they were captured and brought as slaves to Brazil. They carried him along on a sort of sedan chair on their shoulders, and paid him the greatest honor, kneeling down to him every little while, and prostrating themselves before him. This day was one of the great festival days, and all the slaves belonging to this tribe were allowed to go out on a picnic into the country, and keep up their tribe honors.

"But back of all these slaves there was a man with a big false head, which he carried on a pole. He made it go up and down, and turned it sidewise and every way. The face was a dreadful thing, and looked like the face of an ogre, or of a giant. This man was called the 'Boomebo Boy,' because he would cry out 'Boom! boom!' which was the same as saying, 'Look out—here I come!' The slaves would make fun of him, and laugh at him, and sing bits of song at him—something like the verses I have been repeating to you, and then the Boomebo Boy would run after them, and try to catch them.

"As he passed by the gardens and plantations, he would leap over the hedges and walls, steal

fruit, and frighten the chickens; but wherever the people lighted a bonfire, there he could not enter.

"There was one woman in the procession who was dressed as a witch, and she had her little daughter dressed like a fairy. The witch and the fairy would tease the big ogre, and then he would chase them; but if any person threw a bucket of

water between the witch and the Boomebo Boy, it broke the spell, and the Boomebo Boy would have to give up the chase.

"Some people have thought that, in these plays, those poor slaves were keeping up the old customs which they had in Africa, and that the Boomebo Boy meant the Evil One, or an evil spirit. Other people say that the Boomebo Boy stands in these games for the slave-hunters who captured the poor blacks, and burned their villages, and took men,



THE "BOOMEBO BOY" ON HIS TRAVELS.

women, and children away in the slave-ships, and that the fire and the water stand for the burning villages and the ocean. But I only remember, as a little boy, standing by the window of the plantation-house in Cashingar, and seeing the crowd of slaves go by, their old king at their head, crying out: 'Boomebo Boy! Boomebo Boy!'

DOROTHY'S RIDE.

BY MRS. C. E. CHENEY.



I WANT to tell you about something that happened many years ago in the town of Nantucket.

Quite on the brow of the highest hill stood a curious old-fashioned mill, the sails of which were so long that they nearly touched the ground, and of course they rose almost as high above the top of the mill when they were whirled up by the wind.

Near this old windmill the miller lived, with his wife and two children.

John was a sturdy, sun-browned boy, two years older than Dorothy, but he was very good and gentle to her, for he loved his sister dearly, and spent much of his time playing with her. They were always happy together, and in summer, when the weather was fine, they used to sail a tiny boat on one of the many ponds. Their little craft was not a French toy with painted hull and gay streamers, but a plain affair which their father had made for them in the long evenings, and it had a coarse bit of cotton for a sail. But that did

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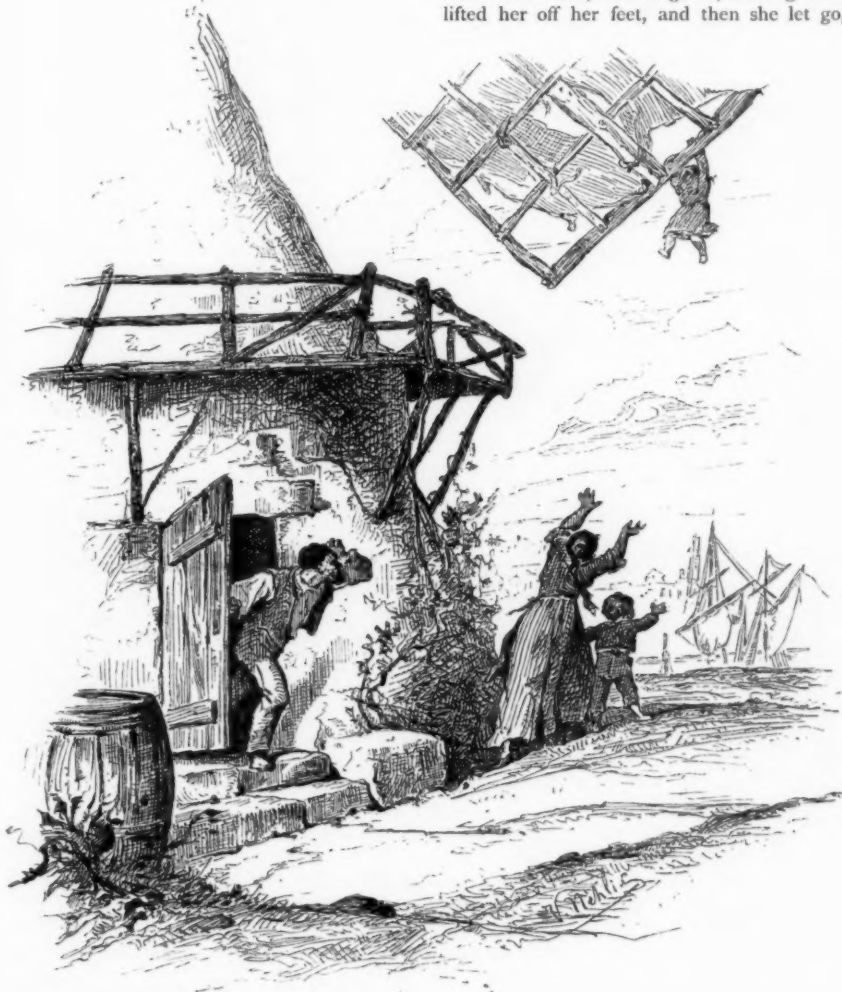
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not matter. No, indeed! They tied a string at either end, and as the ponds were very shallow, they waded about, pulling it merrily from side to side, using all kinds of real ship names and words, which they had learned from the sailors.

So the summers flew away until, alas! John was thought old enough to be sent to school, and poor little Dorothy was left to play all alone. She was

At last, she began going with her father to the mill; and all day she flitted about, as busy as a bee, and humming as cheerily.

Sometimes she would lie on the grass and watch the mill-sails as they swept slowly down, and rose again on the other side,—thinking all sorts of odd thoughts about them. One day, while she was lazily watching them, she had a bright idea. What fun! Springing up, she waited for a sail to come within her reach, and caught it, holding on until it lifted her off her feet, and then she let go, and



a helpful little girl, and saved the mother many steps. Still, she found her play-time very dull, because she did n't care any longer for the boat.

seized another, and another, until she was tired. Day after day she amused herself thus; and when Saturday came, she brought John to see the sport.

She had become too well acquainted with her great friend, the mill, to have any fear of it, and each time she trusted herself to its arms, she let them carry her a little higher, so that she began to see a long way off, over the land and the ocean.

What a heroine she must seem to her brother,—she thought,—for he had never tried it, not once. Elated by her success, she sprang upon the sail for a last ride, as it was dinner-time. Looking back over her shoulder to see the effect of her daring upon John, she clung a little longer than she meant to, and in a twinkling she found that she could see farther away than she had ever dreamed.

There was the harbor, with its white sails set to dry. She could look away down into the town, and see the people in the streets.

There, too, was the Sankety Head light, so far away; now she must be as high as the tall light-house. Thoroughly frightened, yet not daring to let go at this dizzy height, she began to cry.

She saw her mother coming to call them to dinner, and she thought, poor little girl, "I shall never see my dear mother again!"

Higher and still higher she flew, her dress floating out on the wind, and her poor little heart nearly bursting with terror and grief.

She did not see John, so pale with fear, nor did she hear her father cry: "Oh, my child will be killed! My poor little girl!"

She had now only eyes and ears and thought for that terrible journey, and once she wondered if she were going to heaven, for she was sure it could not be much higher than she had risen. Still she clung tightly, and at last she shut her eyes.

The top once reached, slowly the sail, with its precious burden, began to descend. How they all watched it! Nobody spoke, and they hardly dared breathe. Lower and lower it came, until within a few feet of the ground, when Dorothy opened her eyes, and, overcome with a sense of safety, her little fingers unclasped, and down she came.

She fell pretty hard, but, luckily, there are no stones in Nantucket, so no bones were broken; but her head had such a bump that she saw bright lights flashing, and heard a hum of strange sounds; and soon her poor back began to ache, and her head felt sore, and she opened her eyes once more to find herself safe in her dear father's arms; and then they all wept together for thankfulness.

And this was the last ride that Dorothy ever took on the sails of the old windmill.



THERE was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right down in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

There was a little boy,
And he had a fur cap
Which came to the middle of his forehead.
And when he was cold
He was very, very cold,
But when he was warm he was torrid.



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ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

St. FRANCIS lived in Italy in the thirteenth century, and founded the order of friars called the Franciscans. He was noted for his piety, his hatred of all quarrels, and the great kindness of his heart. He loved animals, and was gentle to them, even in an age when human life and suffering were of small account. He loved to wander alone over the beautiful Umbrian mountains, singing hymns that told of his joy in the light of the sun and moon, and of his love for the birds and animals, whom he called his "brothers and sisters."

It is said that once he saw a number of birds together, and, coming up, talked to them in such gentle tones about God's care for them that they did not fly away, but, waving their wings, looked up at St. Francis with their bright eyes, as if they could understand what he said; and I have no doubt that they did understand that he loved them. When he walked in the fields, the sheep and their young lambs would follow him; and even hares and rabbits would yield to his gentle power, winning tones and looks, and, drawing near, would nestle in his bosom.

One day, he was passing through a meadow, when he saw one little lamb feeding in the midst of a flock of goats; and he was filled with pity, fearing that they might hurt it in some way. He longed to get the lamb out of danger, and wanted to buy it and take care of it himself; but he had no money. While he was grieving about it, a rich man came by, and him he persuaded to buy the lamb. The man then gave the timid little creature to St. Francis, and it fed gladly from his hand, and laid its head in his bosom.

Whenever St. Francis found helpless insects in his path, he gently lifted them out of the way, so that they might not be trodden on, nor injured. The grasshoppers would alight on his friendly hand and play their fiddles to him; and at one time a lark, whose nest was near his cell, and who had become used to his loving voice and quiet movements, brought her little nestlings to be fed from his hand.

Perhaps we all might live on such kindly terms with the wild creatures of the wood and field, if only we should love them as he loved them. I remember that the sparrows would alight upon my father's head and hand while he was resting in the porch, and the bees would walk about over his hands without stinging him, although they would

quickly and fiercely drive away an intruder whom they did not trust.

Nathaniel Hawthorne tells us, in his story "The Marble Faun," of a young man who had taught the dumb creatures in his native woods to love him and come at his call. But afterward he had the misfortune to slay a human being, and then the shy animals fled from him, as if they had been told of the crime of their formerly guiltless friend. No doubt they felt the changed tone of his voice and the restlessness of his movements.

St. Francis of Assisi loved especially the birds, and of all birds he loved best the dove; but many beautiful stories are told about him and the swallows that chirped and nested under the eaves of his dwelling, of the multitudes of birds upon the lagoons of Venice, and of the nightingale that sang near him at night. He once saw a young man going to town, carrying some doves for sale; and he begged so tenderly for them that they were given to him. He put them in his bosom, and carried them home, where he made a nest for them and tended them until they learned to eat from his hands in perfect trust.

He had a friend, Antony of Padua, who was full of the same spirit of peacefulness and loving goodwill. This man was an eloquent preacher, and in his sermons he told the people, who crowded to hear him, about the gentleness and whiteness of the swans, the mutual love of the storks, and the purity and fragrance of the blossoms; and he tried to show how beautiful is a life of love and peace. The country was full of wars, and quarrels, and oppressions, but Antony bravely went among the roughest men in the wildest places, to help the poor and ill-treated, and to tell the truth to all. St. Francis and he were wonderfully patient and loving toward dumb creatures, and believed strongly in the good that the animals do and might be brought to do. And so it was not so very strange that people who knew them should believe the pretty tale that these kind men preached to the birds and fishes who crowded to listen to their loving words. Perhaps the story was not true; but it is true that all men should be gentle to the creatures of earth, air, and water, as were the good St. Francis of Assisi and Antony, his friend.

It is pleasant to hear of men like these, who, even hundreds of years ago, were such staunch lovers and defenders of our lowly fellow-creatures.

MARY JANE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

I HAVE said it a great many times,
But I think I will say it again;
There is no one, except my mamma and papa,
That I love as I love Mary Jane.

Antoinette has most lovely real hair,
And is dressed in the very last style,
But I somehow could shake her (and sometimes
I do!)
For her one everlasting old smile.

If I squeeze Baby Belle, she will cry—
Or she thinks so; I call it a squeak—
And Dolores' mantilla is made of black lace,
And my pretty French Lulu can speak.

But who, of them all, do you think,
Staid in bed with me when I was ill?
Oh, you need n't deny it! She *did* make a
face,
Whenever they gave me a pill!

And I know that, whatever they say,
It was hearing me gasp with that cough,
And trying, the darling, to help hold my
head,
That made her poor arms both come off.

And she did n't so much as once squirm,
When Mamma sewed them on, though I know
It must have hurt dreadfully—that 's how she
is!

She always considers me so!

She knew I was ready to cry,
So she just held as still as a mouse.
If a needle 'd gone into *me* so, only once,
You 'd have heard me all over the house!

I think I will put her to sleep;
It is time little girls were in bed.
There, hushaby, darling, lie still in my arms—
You *are* sleepy, you're nodding your head!

Hush, hushaby baby, hush, hush!
Your mother is holding you tight;
She will hear you, my darling, and hug you
right off,
If you wake up afraid in the night.

I think—she is nearly—*asleep*!
Yes, precious, your—mother is—here.
You can—go to sleep—safely—for she 'll—stay—
awake,
And—will—not—let—go—of—you—dear!



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IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.



A JAGUAR FISHING. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE Amazon is not quite the longest American river, for the distance from the head-waters of the Missouri to New Orleans is a little farther than from Para to the sources of the Patamayo; but in breadth and depth the Amazon surpasses all other streams in the world. The reason is this: while the largest tributaries of the Mississippi flow through arid highlands, the valley of the Amazon is covered with continuous and evergreen forests, that yield more water for every acre of ground than our western sand-hills yield from a square mile of surface.

When we first came in sight of the monster stream, it would have been easy to persuade us that we were standing at the brink of a large lake: the opposite shores looked like a hazy, blue ridge, rising here and there above a belt of wooded islands, many of them with hills and valleys of their own. Sea-gulls flew up and down the shore, and in the

deep water, amid-stream, splashed fish that would not have found much play-room in the so-called "big rivers" of western Europe.

The Amazon abounds with sharks and sweet-water dolphins, besides alligators, and those curious creatures called manatees,—half fish, half sea-cow,—fat, club-tailed monsters, with whale-heads and hand-like flippers. These strange creatures already have been described and pictured for you in an early number of ST. NICHOLAS.*

We stood upon a rocky bluff that would have made a fine camping-ground, but our empty mess-bag reminded us that we wanted to reach the Mission of San Tomas that day, and, if possible, in time to hire a sail-boat before night. Strange birds fluttered about the trees, and seemed to deliver the greeting of the Brazilian virgin-woods; among them were piping toucans and drumming king-woodpeckers, with black wings and yellow heads; but we restrained our hunting propensities until we approached a reedy thicket, where Rough

* See ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1874.

summoned us with a bay that he never wasted on small game. We had seen tapir-tracks near the shore, and the boys entered the cane-brake at a



THE JAGUAR MEETS AN UNEXPECTED ENEMY.

double-quick: a young tapir was one of the things we were most anxious to get.

"Come here, quick!" cried Tommy, from the thicket. "It's worth while—two young pumas or panthers, I don't know which."

"What is it, Menito?" I called out.

"I can't tell," he replied. "They do not look like pumas; they must be jaguars; but it's worth while. They are pretty big fellows, and this gives us a chance to try our catch-net. Rough has treed them where they can't get away!"

The cubs or kittens had taken refuge on a little plum-tree, and they received us with hissing growls; but our catch-net was just the thing for customers of that sort; it was shaped like a butterfly-catcher, but with a larger hoop, and instead of gauze, the net-work was made of strong and elastic cords.

While we watched the tree, Menito fastened the net to a pole, and, seeing him come, the kittens seemed to take a sudden dislike to their perch; but they were too late. One we caught in the act of jumping off, and the other was kept at bay until we had time to attend to him. All their tricks were in vain; when they had satisfied themselves that the net could not be broken, we pinned them to the ground with forked sticks, and, putting on a pair of buckskin mittens, Menito secured them without endangering his skin, although they worked their claws with desperate energy.

"Hurry up!" cried an Indian boy, who had followed us from the road. "Here comes the old one—look out!" and almost at the same moment we heard our dog rushing through the thicket, with a howl of terror, straight toward the river, as it seemed, for, in the next minute, a double splash told us that pursued and pursuer had taken to the water.

Before gunpowder was invented, hunters were sometimes obliged to "run down" their game, and I have often wondered how they could manage it, for imminent danger seems almost to double the swiftness of a fugitive animal.

Rough was by no means a good swimmer, but, when we reached the shore, we saw him dash through the water like a fish-otter,—not the least bit too quick, though, for the jaguar was close at his heels, and, to our consternation, the only gun we had brought along missed fire, and there was no time to run back to the road. We gave up the dog for lost, as we saw him make an ineffectual attempt to land on a swampy reed-bank, while the pursuer prepared to intercept his retreat. All at once, however, the jaguar turned swiftly, and, with a scream of rage, struck out to

get away from a place where a visible reddening of the water suggested the explanation of his maneuver. Some monster of the river-deep—a shark or a gavial—had seized him from below, little knowing that its sharp teeth would save the life of another fellow-creature. The jaguar struck out for the lower end of the island, and had just strength enough left to drag himself into the reeds, while Rough paddled back to the shore, and, without waiting to shake himself, raced around us in a very frenzy of joy that he had reached the land unscathed.

"Will you let me carry that gun of yours, please?" asked the little Indian lad, when we got back to the road.

"Never mind, sonny," said I. "What do you want to carry it for?"

"I want to earn a quarter of a dollar," said he, "to buy a picture of my patron-saint, so that I can go to heaven, where they make butter-tortillas [a sort of pancakes]. Butter makes them much mellow, you know; my mother always fries them with fish-oil."

"All right," I laughed. "I will give you half a dollar if you will show us the way to San Tomas, and hunt up a good river-pilot. Do you think you could find one?"

"*Por mi fé sagrada* [on my sacred word], sir, I'll do that," said the little fellow. "Just come

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along,"—and he rushed ahead, almost beside himself with excitement, and, when we finally sighted our destination on the ridge of a treeless bluff, he pointed out the missionary's house, and then ran down to the river to fulfill the second part of his contract.

The kind friar took us to a store where we could buy all the provisions we wanted, and then sent a special messenger to the river, as our little guide had not yet returned. After an hour or so, they both came back, the boy crying as if his heart would break, and the messenger very sorry, as he said, to inform us that all the falucas, or sail-boats, excepting one, had been hired by a merchant to go up the river with a cargo of flour, and the one going down had started the evening before with a load of dye-wood.

"Whose is it? Who shipped the dye-wood?" asked the friar.

"Moro, the Mil Negocios [Jack-at-all-trades], as they call him," said the messenger.

"Oh, you are all right, then, after all," said the friar. "I know him; he always stops a day or

in your place, I should try to get something better than fish-cakes. Yes, run and tell the old man to wait for us."

That seemed really the best plan, and as Cañamo was only twelve English miles from the Mission, we decided to go down that same evening and sleep on board of the faluca, in the open river, where the mosquitoes would not bother us so much.

Master Moro, the Jack-at-all-trades, proved to be a quadron from the West Indian Islands, and the appearance of his faluca seemed to justify his by-name. His cabin was a "variety store" of dry-goods and hardware; on the fore-castle he had a shoe-maker's shop of his own, and in the caboose an assortment of all kinds of fishing-tackle and harpoons.

Of his skill in the use of the harpoon, he gave us a proof the next morning, when a school of manatees came puffing up the river. Before they reached us, he slackened his tiller-ropes to muffle the rushing of the keel water, and when they passed us, though still at a distance of thirty yards,



"THE TAPIR FAIRLY RAN AWAY WITH US ALL."

two at Cañamo to take in a load of tortoise-eggs. You can overtake him yet."

"Oh, yes! let me go!" cried the boy. "I will tell him to wait for you; I can run down there and back in less than four hours."

"Yes, you ought to," said Menito. "If I were

his harpoon went whizzing into the midst of them—and not at random, either, for the spear-point struck the very biggest in the lot, through the center of the fin into the body, thus getting a double hold in the scaly skin. A dozen school-boys, kicking and splashing in a pond, could not have made

more noise than that one manatee. It struck out left and right with its clumsy tail, and spattered us with such showers of water that it would soon have turned the joke against us, if the skipper had not hauled it alongside and finished it with a few blows of a heavy oar.

It weighed at least three hundred pounds, and we could have bought it for as many cents, but we had no room for pets of that sort, so the Moro lugged it to the next landing and sold it to the natives for a car-load of bananas.

River-dolphins, too, were following us in shoals, though with all the discretion of their salt-water relatives, to whom the ancient Greeks ascribed a more than human sagacity. They followed in our wake, and played all around us in wanton mirth, but always just out of reach of the skipper's harpoon, and their merry gambols were so entertaining that we should have thought it a shame to shoot them.

"You were talking about tapirs, last night," said the skipper, when our boat skirted the swamp-belt of the southern shore. "There is one, now, in that bog ahead there; not a large one, though; it's a 'squealer,' as we call them, about half-grown."

"Why, that's just what we want!" cried Tommy. "Oh, don't!" he added, when the Moro reached for his harpoon. "Could n't we manage to get it alive?"

"I believe we could," said the skipper. "Just keep quiet a moment. It will take its time about wading that bog, if we don't scare it. We might contrive to catch it in the water, or with my lariat if it gets ashore."

The bog was on a little island near the shore, and was surrounded by a brake of matted bulrushes that concealed us until we almost intercepted the retreat of our game; for, just when the squealer took to the water, the Moro ran his boat alongside, and, swinging up his oar, dealt it a stunning whack over the head—a death-blow it would have been to any less thick-skulled animal. Even the tapir staggered, as it attempted to land, and we hoped the skipper would catch it in the water. Rowing through tangled reeds is hard work, though, and when we finally gained the strand at the foot of a ravine, the tapir had already landed and struggled up the steep bank. "It's stunned; it can not get away!" cried the Moro, as he leaped ashore, lariat in hand. "Quick, now—let's head it off, before it gets up to the top of that bluff!"

While we ran up the ravine, Menito scaled the rock like a cat, and reached the top in time to drive the tapir to the left, where the Moro soon

overtook it with his lariat. The second throw hit it over the head, but a tapir has hardly any neck at all, and, making a sudden rush, the squealer had already slipped the rope over its breast and shoulders, when the Moro pulled back, and the rope tightened around the tapir's body. The animal was far too strong for one man to hold, and it soon would have broken away, if we had not caught the rope in time—Tommy and I first, and Menito at the slippery end, where he had to twist in his handkerchief to get a good grip, for the tapir was now running down-hill toward a swampy creek on the other side of the bluff.

"Hold him! Hold him, boys!" yelled the Moro, and we all tried our best, but so did the squealer, and it soon proved to be the best boy in the crowd. Having now recovered from the effects of the blow, it fairly ran away with us all, although I dug my heels into the ground and braced myself with all my might.

"*Tengala*—hitch it—hitch the rope!" cried the skipper; but that was easier said than done. Not a tree nor a bush was in sight, and the loose rocks rolled down-hill as soon as we touched them, and, to make matters worse, Menito suddenly let go, being quite out of breath with laughing. The Moro slipped, and, stumbling backward, knocked the rope out of my hand, and poor Tommy alone was unable to stem the tide of defeat. In spite of Rough's barking, and the dreadful imprecations of the skipper, the squealer now redoubled its speed until it rushed headlong into the swamps below. A splash—and Tommy lay prostrate on his back, while away went our tapir at top speed, Menito's handkerchief fluttering in the rear like a pilot-flag. Menito was almost choked with laughing, and the affair was really too ludicrous to scold about it, although the skipper insisted that we must pay him for his lost lariat.

"It was all Menito's fault," said he; "his laughing and hooting would have scared a saint, not to mention a squealer."

On our return to the boat, we found that the little jaguars had broken jail and taken refuge on the back of our old mule, whose efforts to break the halter had almost dislocated her neck. Daddy Simon was at his wit's end; he had no right to let our pets escape, but whenever he approached them with the catch-net, their antics threw the mule into a new fit of terror. The skipper, however, cut matters short by slipping his hawser, and driving the cubs overboard when our boat was in deep water, where we soon caught them with nets and poles.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS TRAP.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



AMONG the discoveries made recently in the great dead sea of the West, were some gigantic oyster-shells, more than six feet long, each pair of which once contained an animal that the average boy-reader of ST. NICHOLAS could not lift. In other localities, shells of but one valve were found fifteen feet long, and each of these was inhabited by a cuttle-fish, that forced itself through the water by a method like that used to shoot a rocket up

into the air; and some authorities say that these cuttle-fish attained a length of even thirty feet. These long fellows had a long name, *Orthocerotite*, and they had a cousin, the *Ammonite*, which grew as large as a cart-wheel.

Such were some of the shells of a thousand years ago; to-day the only really large shell is of the clam family. It is named *Tridacna gigas*, and is found in the Pacific Ocean; the length of its life

being sixty or seventy years. It grows imbedded in the coral, and is fastened to the rocks by a cord called the byssus, which is so tough that it can only be cut with an ax. The shells themselves are six feet long, each valve weighing more than two hundred and fifty pounds; while the animal part often weighs thirty or forty pounds. When alive, the tridacna lies with its great valves ajar, capturing any food that may pass within the scalloped edges. A shark was once caught in this way, as shown in

the picture. Swimming along in search of food, he unwarily passed into the door-way of the great clam's house, his tail rudely striking the animal. Like a flash the tremendous jaws snapped together, squeezing the man-eater as if he were in a vise, and rendering him utterly powerless. As the tide went down, the shark's head appeared above water, thrashing about and churning up the sea. The hubbub attracted the attention of some natives, who soon captured both shark and clam.

DUCKY DADDLES.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

NELLY stood in a pensive attitude, with her forehead pressed against the window.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Nothing," said Nelly, with a little sigh.

"Only, Aunt Fanny," she continued, after a pause, "you're all very good and kind to me here, but, you see, I've got nothing to pet. Now, at home, there's the baby and Gip,—that's my dog,—and two cats, and, 'most always, there are four or five kittens. But here the old cat lives in the barn, and the kittens won't let me come near them. And Gnash, he just growls if I go past his kennel; and Noble's no good—he's so old and lazy he does n't do anything but wag his tail, if I pet him ever so much. I've tried to make friends with the calf, but it just tosses up its head and frisks off. Even the pigs think themselves so much above me they only turn up their noses and grunt at me. So I don't know what I shall do for something to pet and cuddle."

Aunt Fanny smiled at the story of Nelly's woes, but she was sorry for the little girl, although she could see no way to help her.

Nelly's home was in a town, and she was now making a visit to Grandpapa and Aunt Fanny, on the old farm where her mamma was born. She had had a fine time, on the whole. She had tossed hay in the meadow and ridden home upon the load, behind the two great, meek, patient oxen. She had hunted for eggs in the barn, and watched the hens strutting about and clucking so proudly with their bits of soft, downy chicks behind them. She had explored every foot of the woods, and found all sorts of treasures in the shape of flowers and moss, acorn-cups and curious stones. She had even learned to milk a little; but all this was getting

to be an old story, now, and she began to feel homesick and forlorn, longing for the sight of her mamma's face, and for the sound of the baby's merry voice. If she could only have something to pet, she would not feel quite so badly, she thought, but, so far, she had wished for it in vain.

"Nelly, come out here," called Aunt Fanny from the poultry-yard one morning, a day or two later.

Nelly ran out, and found Aunt Fanny looking at something which lay at her feet. What a melancholy sight! There lay the prettiest hen in the poultry-yard, Downy Blueskin, on her back, stiff and stark. How had it happened? Nobody knew, but one thing was certain, she was dead, and she had left a miserable little brood of helpless chickens behind her. Nelly looked at the little things trotting about so busily, quite unconcerned at the sad fate of their mother. Suddenly, she burst into a shout of surprise and delight.

"Why, Aunt Fanny! one of the chickens is a duck!" she cried. "Just look at its funny little flat bill and the cunning little webs on its feet. Oh, Aunt Fanny! If I could only have this darling little thing for my own!"

Aunt Fanny laughed.

"It will need a great deal of care, Nelly," she said, "but you can have it, if you want it. After all, it will not be much loss if it does die under your hands. I dare say it would n't have lived to grow up, anyhow."

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, it sha'n't die!" cried Nelly, eagerly. "I'll take the very bestest care of it, and it'll grow up the pride of the yard—you'll see."

Nelly caught up her "dear Ducky Daddles," as she called it, and ran into the house. She made for it a bed in a basket lined with soft flannel, and fed it on Indian-meal and water. Rather to Aunt

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Fanny's surprise, her care of it never relaxed, and her interest never flagged.

"I do believe Ducky Daddles is beginning to know me," Nelly said, one day. "He flopped out of his basket, and waddled up to me on his funny little feet as soon as I came into the room."

"Most likely he was hungry," said Aunt Fanny, who could not all at once bring herself to believe in the affection of a duck.

Nelly was sure he knew her, though, and, after a while, the rest began to believe it, too. When he was old enough to waddle about at his own will, no dog was ever more devoted to his master than Ducky Daddles was to Nelly. He had a soul above his kind, and he scorned the companionship of the common barn-yard fowl. It was the funniest thing in the world to see Nelly's queer pet waddling after her wherever she went, and quacking out his affection, or lying patiently by her side, with his soft eyes fixed upon her face.

Even the water could not tempt him away from his little mistress; but Nelly was considerate of a duck's feelings. Twice a day, regularly, she would take her books or her work down to the duck-pond, and sit there while Ducky Daddles

came when Nelly must leave the farm to go back to her town home. "What will be the best way to carry Ducky, Aunt Fanny?" she asked, innocently, the last evening.

Aunt Fanny's eyes twinkled, and she looked at Nelly's papa, who had come for her.

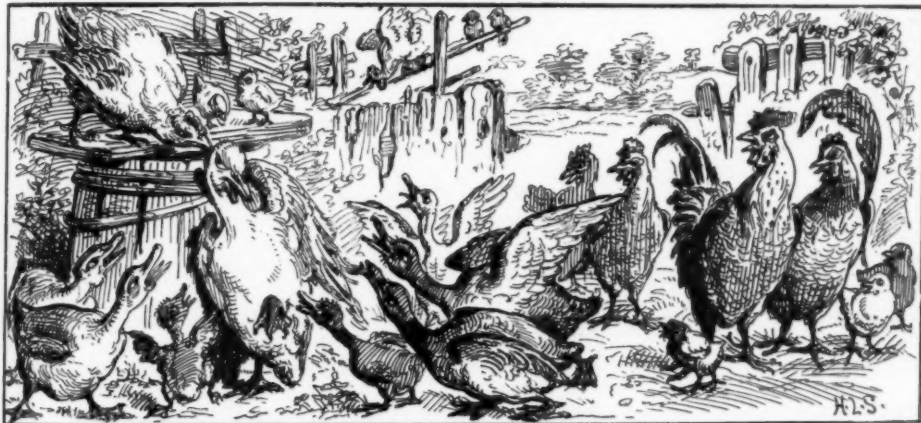
"What is it you want to take home, Nelly?" he asked,— "not that great drake? Oh, nonsense, child! You will have to leave it behind, of course. You could n't take it, in the first place, and, if you could, you would have nowhere to keep it after reaching home."

Nelly turned quite pale with consternation. Leave her dear Ducky Daddles behind! The idea had never entered her mind.

"Why, Papa, he would break his heart!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how he loves me! It would be too cruel!" Papa only laughed.

"I don't believe he will pine very much," he said. "Turn him loose in the poultry-yard, and I'll engage you'll find him fat enough for the Thanksgiving dinner."

I suppose Papa did not mean to be cruel, but if he had suggested eating the baby, it could hardly have shocked or hurt Nelly more. Eat her



"THEY GAVE HIM ONLY UNFRIENDLY QUACKS, AND SHARP BIPS FROM THEIR BILLS."

was taking his bath. How he enjoyed those frolics in the cool water, so dear to a duck's heart! Nelly loved to watch him as he plunged his head deep down and left his funny little tail sticking straight up, or flirted the water over himself in a glittering shower. He always kept one eye on Nelly, though, and, as soon as she stood up and began to gather her things together, he was on the bank without waiting for her to say, "Come, Ducky!"

So the summer went by; but, at last, the time

Ducky! her darling Daddles! Nelly burst into a flood of tears, and rushed out of the room. But Papa was inexorable, and the next morning Nelly had to say good-bye to her pet, and then she walked silently to the depot, and was whirled off in the train toward home.

Nelly felt sore about Ducky for some time; but she was going home to see all the dear home faces and the dear old pets, and, after a while, Ducky Daddles was almost forgotten.

But poor Ducky had no home faces to console

him. Nelly had filled his whole heart, and, now that she was gone, the world was a blank to him. Poor little duck! He wandered about forlornly, unable to understand the change that had come over everything,—no little mistress to be found, with kind hand and tender words to pet and comfort him! When he went up to the door-step in search of her, he was driven away, and ordered to keep in his own place. In his loneliness and despair, he went back to the poultry-yard, where he was hatched; but there it was still worse. In his happy days he had neglected his kindred, and now, when his heart was sad and sore, they would have nothing to do with him, but gave him only unfriendly quacks and sharp nips from their broad bills.

"I declare," said Aunt Fanny, as she watched him waddling about, solitary and dejected, "I am dreadfully sorry for that poor drake. I have a great mind to send him into town to Nelly. He will certainly die if he stays here, and he can't do any worse than die there."

So, one day, Nelly, standing at the window, saw a man with a covered basket in his hand coming up the steps. She ran out into the hall to see what it meant, for she recognized him as one of Grandpapa's farm-hands. Such a queer noise as there was in that basket, rustling and fluttering, and—and—surely that was a quack!

"Oh, it's Ducky Daddles! my own dear Ducky!" cried Nelly, kneeling down and tearing

at the string with fingers that trembled so that she scarcely could untie it.

They were a happy pair, that night, Nelly and her dear old pet. Not so very old, neither, for Daddles was not yet full grown. When Papa came home and heard the story, he smiled a little. Nelly had been trembling, every time she thought of Papa, since Ducky came, and now she burst out with what had been troubling her:

"Oh, Papa! you wont eat him, will you?"

Papa laughed loud and long at the question, but assured Nelly that her pet was safe from him. He went further, when he saw how Nelly's heart was set upon keeping Ducky; for he had the lower part of the yard fenced off, and a large box sunk and filled with water, to serve as a bath for Daddles.

"As we are going into the business, we might as well do it thoroughly," he said; so he bought another duck to be a friend and companion for Daddles.

Ducky had learned one lesson, at least, during his separation from Nelly, which was, that it would be well to make friends with his own kind, in case he should need them in future. So he received the new duck amiably, and extended to her the hospitalities of the yard.

And there lived Daddles, loving and affectionate to the last, but too deeply engrossed in family and household cares to continue quite so exclusively devoted to Nelly as at first.

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I TAN'T see what our baby boy is dood for, any-way;

He don' know how to walk or talk, he don' know how to play;

He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan, An' ev'ry tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.

He 's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,

An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.

On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,

An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;

An' ze uzzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)

Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;

An', 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done,

He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as zough he zought 't was fun.

He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,

An' he 's al'ays wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when you wants you'self.

I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls, Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy us little dirls;

An' I wish zere was n't no such zing as naughty baby boys —

Why—why, zat 's him a-kyin' now; he makes a drefful noise.

I dess I better run and see, for if he has—boo-hoo!—

Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, *whatever s-s-s'all I do!*



PEGGY and Johnny are not going to cry; they are only taking part in a *tableau-vivant*, in illustration of a verse which is being read behind the curtain:

“Two merry children we.—Ha! ha!
From the happy Fatherland;
Our hearts are light, tra la, tra la,
As blithely here we stand.
For who so gay as we!” etc., etc.

PERPETUAL-MOTION JAMES.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

THE boys at the boarding-school at Riverside asked Robert Temple, when he first joined them, whether he had heard of Perpetual-Motion James.

Robert replied that he had not, for he knew no one yet.

“Never mind,” said little Philip Brown; “I will take you to his room sometime.”

In a few days, Robert Temple reminded Philip Brown of his promise, and they went together to visit Perpetual-Motion James.

“James is a singular boy,” said Philip, as they mounted the steep stairs of an old barn, which was in an open lot not far from the boarding-school. “He has a workshop up here, and he does n’t like

to do what the rest of the fellows do. He is always making something in his little shop. He is an awfully smart chap,”—Philip Brown’s voice subsided to a whisper,—“he almost made a flying-machine once; and he says it will go sometime. He is now at work on a machine that will go always, like a horse that never tires and never needs hay. The fellows and the teachers laugh at him; but I don’t like it in them. I don’t see why it is n’t possible. James explains it to me clearer than Mr. Bascom, our mathematical teacher, explains many things. But, somehow, when I leave James, I can’t tell it to any one else. There, hear that bell! James knows that we are coming, for

the fellows have plagued him so that he has concealed inventions all around us that give the alarm."

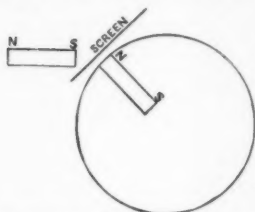


DIAGRAM OF THE "MAGNETIC MOTION."

He fixes a pail of water, which upsets by electricity when we tread on a certain stair. James, it is Philip! "The cat is dead!"—That is our watchword," whispered Philip to Robert.

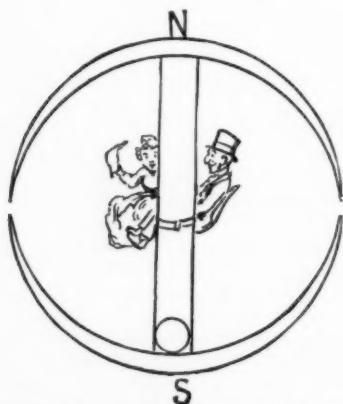
In a moment they heard the bolts withdrawn, and Perpetual-Motion James stood in a door-way, through which the rays of sunlight illumined the dark stairs where the young visitors stood.

Robert Temple saw a boy of about seventeen, very thin and lank, with long arms. He was in his shirt-sleeves,—his arms bare, and his face and yellow hair covered with dust and cobwebs. There was a look of annoyance and impatience on his face as he peered into the darkness.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly.

"This is Robert Temple, the new boy," said Philip. "He is interested in physics, and I want to introduce you to him and show him some of your wonderful inventions."

The manner of Perpetual-Motion James softened; he even shook hands with Robert, and this seemed to surprise Philip very much. The work-



THE PERPETUAL-MOTION VELOCIFEDE.—READY TO START.

shop which they then entered was a low room under the eaves. It had been fitted up by James

with a work-bench, and supplied with various tools. Parts of curious machines were lying in every corner: in one, great wings of whalebone and steel springs; in another, complicated arrangements of wheels connected together. There was a clock on the wall, which ran by electricity, and there were various bells connected with wires and magnets; indeed, the whole roof was a net-work of wires. The only other inhabitant of the room, besides James, was a little Skye terrier, which came out from under a bench, sleepily stretching himself, and dragging a disjointed apparatus that by some accident had become connected with his tail.

"Do you believe in perpetual motion?" asked Robert, after he had been shown several pieces of apparatus which seemed to him to be intended to



THE PERPETUAL-MOTION VELOCIFEDE.—GOING WELL.

work always. His father had carefully taught him the principles of physics, and had shown him why perpetual motion is impossible.

"Why should n't I?" replied James, with an argumentative look. "I can prove it possible."

Thus saying, he pointed to a little apparatus on the wall of the shop. This consisted of a large wheel, delicately poised, and provided with a large magnet near its edge outside the wheel; and fixed to the wall was another magnet, near the first. A little screen was fixed on the wheel, and was interposed between the two magnets.

"Now," said Perpetual-Motion James, "when the wheel revolves, the two magnets will attract each other; but, just as they get opposite each other, the screen will cut off the magnetic effect, and the weight of the magnet will cause the wheel to turn until its magnet is again attracted by the outside magnet. And so the motion will always go on."

The boys stared in wonder at the machine

"I wonder that such a simple machine was never thought of before!" exclaimed Philip Brown.

"Does it really go?" asked Robert, timidly.

"I have not found the proper screen to cut off

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the magnetism," replied James. "But I have no doubt that I shall find one. The teacher of physics says there is no substance that will cut off magnetic attraction; but I think there must be."

James then showed them his new perpetual-motion velocipede. He had had a little model made, but it was not quite completed. Robert wrote this description of it to his father:

"I think he is going to make a machine which will always go on the roads without horses, or steam-engines, or men's feet. It is made in this way: There is a long, hollow magnet, with a half-circle at each end; a large ball of something funny can roll from one end to the other of the hollow magnet. When the magnet stands upright, the magnetic pole of the earth pulls down the upper end. The ball runs quickly to that end, and changes the magnetism of the magnet, so that what was before a north end now becomes a south end. Then the magnet stands upright again; and thus it turns over and over continually. A seat is arranged between two of these hollow magnets, and is hung just as they hang steam-ship lights, so that they never overturn, no matter how much the vessel tosses. Wont it be jolly to ride on such a thing? You see, you will go up and down, as if you were on a galloping horse—only I don't see how you are going to stop the thing. That is what troubles James, and he is now working over how to stop it."

These were the thoughts that ran through Robert's mind as he heard James explain his perpetual-motion velocipede. The boys could not see why the thing would not work.

Perpetual-Motion James made a great impression upon Robert Temple, who thought that James was a much-abused fellow, both by the boys and by the teachers; for the masters smiled at his notions, and often even punished him for wasting his time. As they came away, both Robert and Philip voted that teachers did not know everything, for James had undoubtedly made a great invention.

In a few days, Robert received a letter from his father, who was a civil-engineer, and constructed

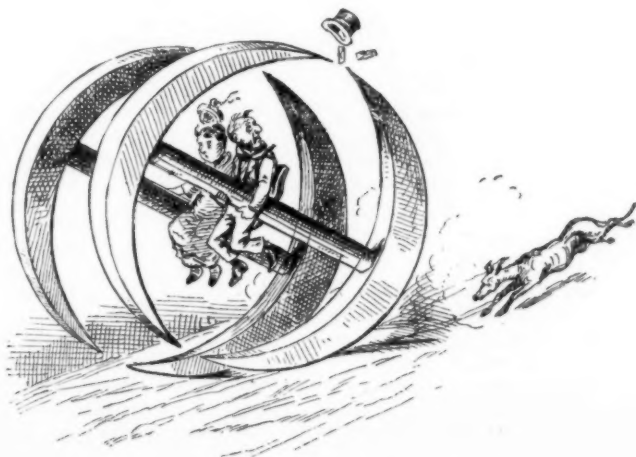
railroads, and also built manufactories. A part of the letter was as follows:

"I am surprised that you have so readily forgotten the principles I taught you. Perpetual motion is not possible in this world. If we should put a water-wheel under Niagara Falls, it would run until it would wear out; but it is not perpetual motion to use the force of water or the winds. We might put a steam-engine in a deep mine, and use the heat of the earth to run it, and turn something at the surface of the earth continually; but that is not perpetual motion, for we use the force stored up in the earth. A true perpetual-motion machine must run itself without the aid of anything but what is contained in itself. Perpetual-Motion James's first idea with the magnet and the wheel would be perpetual motion, if it would run; but it will not run, for there is no substance that will cut off the attraction between magnets. I have written to Perpetual-Motion James's father, whom I know well, and told him that his son is wasting his time trying to do impossibilities. He should be learning the first principles of physics."

"There!" exclaimed Robert Temple, as he read his father's letter to Philip. "I'm afraid I've got Perpetual-Motion James into trouble. He says, himself, that the world is down on inventors."

"Well, if the world really is down on inventors," said Philip Brown, "the only way is not to invent. But look at all the useful things that have been invented, and that the world is glad to get, and pays well for. I think, though, that on the whole, I would rather have my lessons, and go on with the rest of the fellows, instead of cooping myself up in a barn, and trying to make something that everybody says won't go, and that never can go!"

Perpetual-Motion James is still at school at Riverside, and Robert Temple and the more intelligent boys have lost faith in his machines; but Perpetual-Motion James continues to work secretly over his velocipede. He can see how to make it go, but how to stop it when it is once in motion still puzzles him. When it goes and stops at the rider's will, we will send word to ST. NICHOLAS.



THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

THERE is a stirring poem in every school collection, called "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix"; and not one of you who is fourteen years old but has read it many times over. For it has the ring and the fire of the true inspired ballad, and a good ballad is like martial music to young ears. And many as are the noted writers of England, no man or woman of them all is better able to give us poems of this sort than the strong-hearted poet of "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." Robert Browning's soul is quick to recognize the true and the brave in human action, and whenever he describes them, his words are seeds of fire. "Hervé Riel," the poem we give you this month, shows this quality of its author as plainly as any of his other ballads, and, in reading it, you will admire not only the simple Breton sailor who does his self-imposed duty so manfully, but also the manful

poet who honors the grandeur of the poor sailor's act, and—that it may not go unrewarded—pays it the tribute of his noble song. Some of you may need to consult your atlases to understand all the allusions—and so will read the poem twice to enjoy it fully. But the story and the poet's way of telling it will alike interest you, we are sure.

Much of Mr. Browning's other poetry, however, has puzzled older heads than yours to catch its full meaning. But you hardly will find in all literature a more simple, rollicking, and entertaining story in verse than his "Pied Piper of Hamelin," a more touching and tender poem of young life than "Evelyn Hope," or a more ringing and spirited ballad than "Hervé Riel." So, write as he may of deep subjects and in unfamiliar styles, he cannot be solely the poet of grown-up students and thinkers; but—whether he knows it or not—is often a true poet of boys and girls.

HERVÉ RIEL.—BY ROBERT BROWNING.*

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signaled to the place:

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored.

Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single, narrow way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full, beside?

Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here 's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow

All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains, all and each,

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—

A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate,—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

* Born, near London, in 1812.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying 's for?

"Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear.

Make the others follow mine.

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor, past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,—

Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.



"SIRS, THEY KNOW I SPEAK THE TRUTH! SIRS, BELIEVE ME THERE 'S A WAY!"

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there 's a way!

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Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!"

See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock;
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see! is past,
All are harbored to the last;
And just as Hervé Riel hollos "Anchor!"—
sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late!

* * * * *

Out burst all, with one accord:
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville: "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have, or my
name 's not Damfreville!"

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what
is it but a run?—
Since 't is ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! a good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got—nothing more!

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it
befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had
gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank,
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come
to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy
wife, the Belle Aurore!

It was fitting that a poet of Mr. Browning's manly fire and vigor should be mated with a wife who, besides the advantage of a clear, thoroughly trained intellect, possessed the delicate poetic traits and gifts of song peculiar to womanly genius.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, perhaps, the greatest woman-poet in all English literature. Dainty and exquisitely wrought as are many of her poems, we have selected from them all the one which shows how her strong soul went out to the wretched and oppressed. In "The Cry of the Children," she puts her indignant eloquence into the mouths of little ones whose sufferings left them too wretched for words, and who yet, through her, could reach the hearts of those who oppressed them. It seems almost too terrible to be true that men ever could be willing to profit by the labor of

children, forced, for their very bread, to work from dawn till dark, day after day, in mines and noisy factories. Yet Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" is no flight of fancy, but the simple, cruel truth of not many years ago.

Mrs. Browning's poems and shorter songs treat of many subjects; and throughout your life you will be able to find somewhere among them thoughts that will help you to be stronger and better. But the selections will be best made by yourselves, according to the need or fancy of the hour. If you do not care for them to-day, you may to-morrow. Surely it is a pleasant thing to know that in the realms of literature good friends patiently wait our coming—and among them all, none will give you better greeting than this most true, gentle, womanly soul.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.—BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

DO YE hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,

And *that* can not stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward the
west—

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the play-time of the
others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the
sorrow,

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow,

Which is lost in Long Ago.

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,—

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost.

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses

Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;

Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!

Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
children;

For the outside earth is cold;

And we young ones stand without, in our
bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen

That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her.

Was no room for any work in the close clay!

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
wake her,

Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never cries.

Could we see her face, be sure we would not
know her,

For the smile has time for growing in her eyes.

And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in

The shroud by the kirk-chime!

It is good when it happens," say the children,

"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have.

They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from
the city;

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do.

Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them
through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the
meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary
And we can not run or leap.

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely

To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;

And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,

The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.

For, all day, we drag our burden tiring

Through the coal-dark, under-ground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron

In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—

Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses
burning,

And the walls turn in their places.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and
reeling,

Turns the long light that drops adown the
wall,

* Born, in London, 1809; died, in Florence, July 29, 1861.

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
 And sometimes we could pray,
 'O, ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moan-
 ing),
 'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other
 breathing
 For a moment, mouth to mouth!
 Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh
 wreathing
 Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold, metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
 Let them prove their living souls against the
 notion
 That they live in you, or under you, O
 wheels!—
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is call-
 ing sun-ward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my
 brothers,
 To look up to Him and pray;
 So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
 Will bless them another day.
 They answer: "Who is God that He should
 hear us,
 While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near
 us
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their
 resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door.
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round
 him,
 Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
 And at midnight's hour of harm,
 'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.
 We know no other words, except 'Our
 Father.'
 And we think that, in some pause of angels'
 song,
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet
 to gather,
 And hold both within His right hand which
 is strong.
 'Our Father!' If He heard us He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very
 purely,
 'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
 "He is speechless as a stone;
 And they tell us of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on.
 Go to!" say the children,—“up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we
 find;
 Do not mock us; grief has made us unbe-
 lieving,—
 We look up for God, but tears have made
 us blind.”
 Do you hear the children weeping, and dis-
 proving,
 O my brothers, what ye preach?
 For God's possible is taught by his world's
 loving,
 And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
 They are weary ere they run;
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the
 glory
 Which is brighter than the sun.
 They know the grief of man, without his
 wisdom;
 They sink in man's despair, without its
 calm;
 Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,
 Are martyrs by the pang without the palm;
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretreivably
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap;
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
 Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken
 faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high
 places,
 With eyes turned on Deity!
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel
 nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a
 child's heart?
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the
 mart!
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path!
 But the child's sob in the silence curses
 deeper
 Than the strong man in his wrath."

TESSA, THE LITTLE ORANGE-GIRL.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW.

ALL that sunny afternoon, little Tessa sat on the steps of the great church in the beautiful city of Naples, selling oranges. Her sweet Italian words of entreaty dropped like a little song from her lips, which sometimes trembled with tearful earnestness,

"You poor little thing!" said the lady, in Italian, which she spoke perfectly; "here is money for your oranges—give them all to me. And now tell me, why are you in such haste to go home? See, the sun is still shining on the great dome of



TESSA.

for her mother was very ill at home, and the money received from the sale of the fruit, perhaps, would be enough to bring the doctor and help.

Only a few oranges were left in Tessa's basket, when a lovely looking American lady came out of the church. In her hand was a great bunch of the violets of Parma. Their delicious odor filled the atmosphere around her; but not sweeter were they than the lady's beautiful face, and violet eyes, which rested, full of compassion, upon the child, the moment her ear caught the pleading Italian words, which, in English, would be: "Sweet lady! dear lady! buy my oranges of Sicily! and let me go home to my mother, and the good God will bless you forever!"

the church. It is yet early. But, come; I will go with you."

The child's large eyes were lifted up in astonishment to the lady's face. A smile of gratitude, that seemed almost breaking into a sob, parted her lips. The joy of thus suddenly finding a friend, and the grief for her mother, struggled for mastery in her little bosom. She started up, crying, "*Gracias signora carissima!*" and quickly followed the lady down the steps of the church, her little, bare feet making a soft pit-a-pat, like far-away echoes to the other's steps, as they soon turned into a very narrow and silent street. Then Tessa told her pitiful story; how her father was lost in the cruel sea, when out in his fishing-boat, during a wild storm; how

her mother made and mended nets for their support, and the little girl never wanted bread—and sometimes, on festa days, had a bunch of grapes—until a week ago, when her mother was stricken down by a cruel fever, and could work no more. Then her Uncle Cola, who himself was very poor, had bought some oranges, and given them to her to sell. With the money they brought, Tessa got more oranges; “and sometimes, *Signora mia*,” she said, pitifully, “I sell enough to give us bread. But yesterday I was hungry! oh, so hungry! and my poor mother grew so white,—so white —”

Great tears started to Tessa's eyes. With tender compassion the lady stooped down, and kissed her, saying, “Don't cry, little one; you shall never be hungry again, if I can help it.”

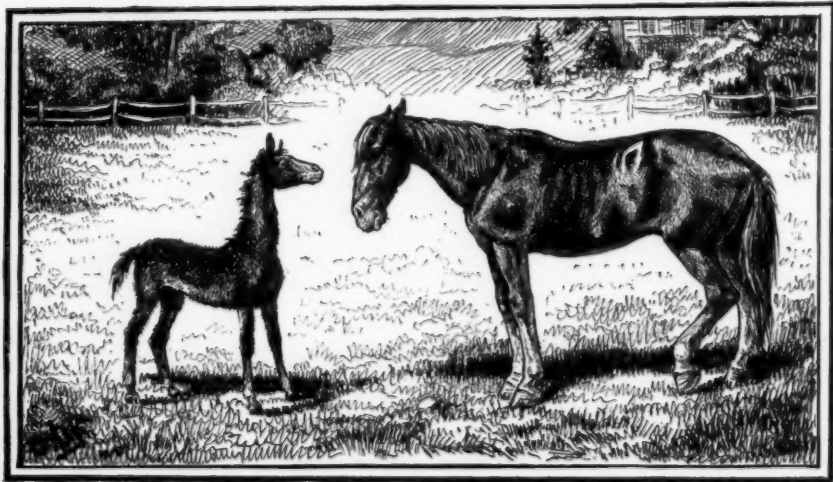
It was now sunset—the glorious Italian sunset. Tessa and her new friend hurried on, and were soon in a very narrow, mean street, which ran down to the Bay of Naples. One of the miserable homes stood a little back, and into this one Tessa and her new friend entered. The next moment they stood at the bed-side of the dying mother.

Yes, dying! Her fading eyes, which were fixed with pathetic yearning upon the door, brightened for a moment as Tessa flew into the feeble arms stretched out to her. A prayer of thanksgiving fell from the mother's lips, as the child, in a few

rapid words, explained why the Signora was there. Then some tearful, broken sentences passed between the mother and Tessa's friend,—piteous words of farewell on one side, earnest, loving promises on the other. But what peace and comfort those earnest, loving assurances brought to the mother's heart! for her little one was to be taken by the Signora to that far-off, glorious, free America, where plenty ever reigned! She was to be loved and cared for as if she were the Signora's own child. In the mother's dying moments was this promise given and received. And not a moment too soon, for a little while after, with a grateful look, and a feeble pressure of the lady's hand, the Italian mother went into everlasting rest.

Little broken-hearted Tessa! She had to be taken by force from her dead mother's side; and for many days she refused to be comforted. “Oh! *madre mia! madre mia!*” was her incessant wail. But God is very merciful. He softens grief as time goes on; and by and by little Tessa began to smile, and put her soft arms around the neck of her new mamma,—and soon she could say “mother,” and “I love you,” and many other English words.

And this is the story, so far, of little Tessa, whose picture you have here. Who knows but some day you may meet the pretty little Italian girl with her adopted American mother?

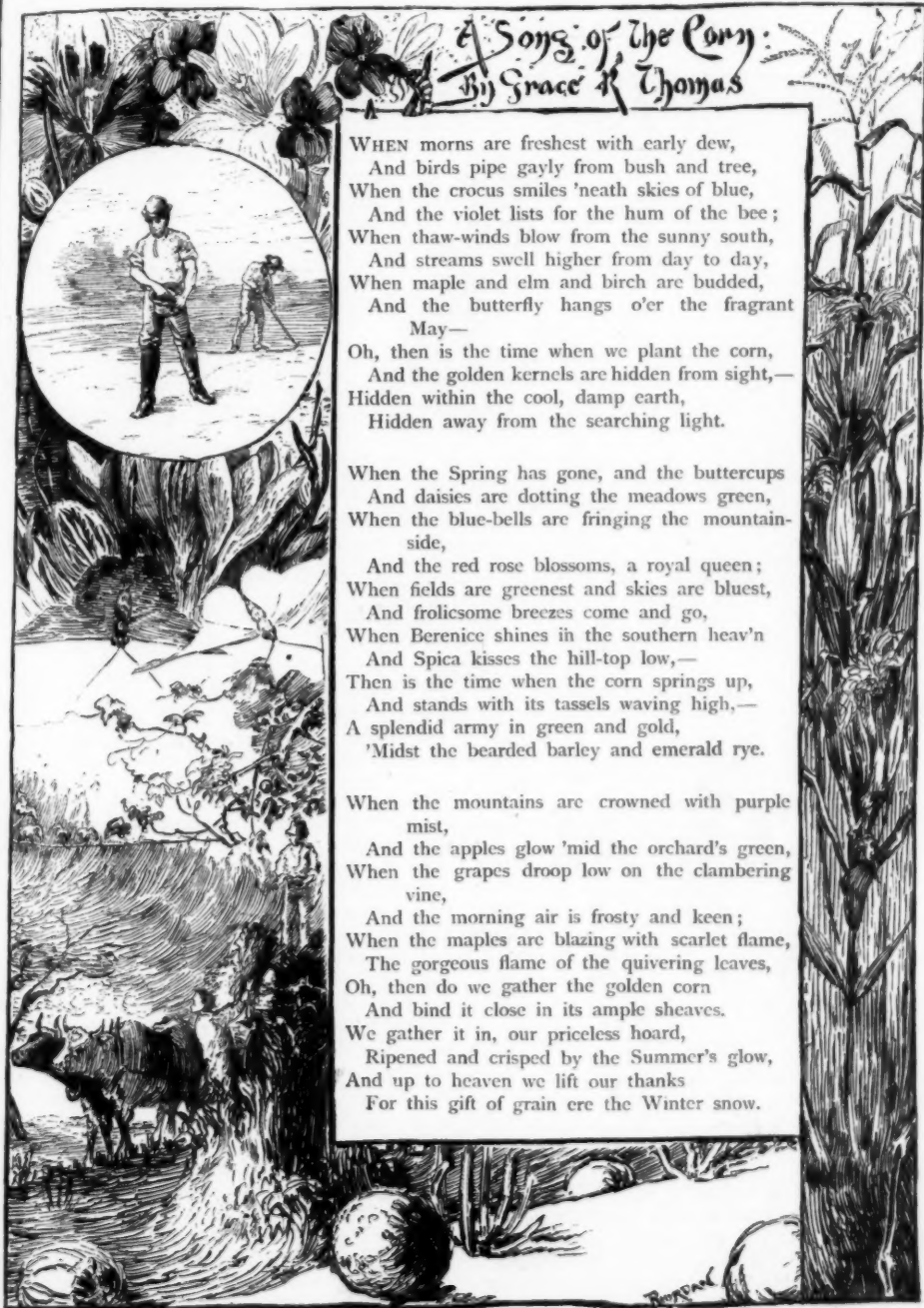


COLT: "SAY, MA! DO YOU THINK I'LL EVER WIN THE DERBY?"

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A Song of the Corn:
By Grace K. Thomas

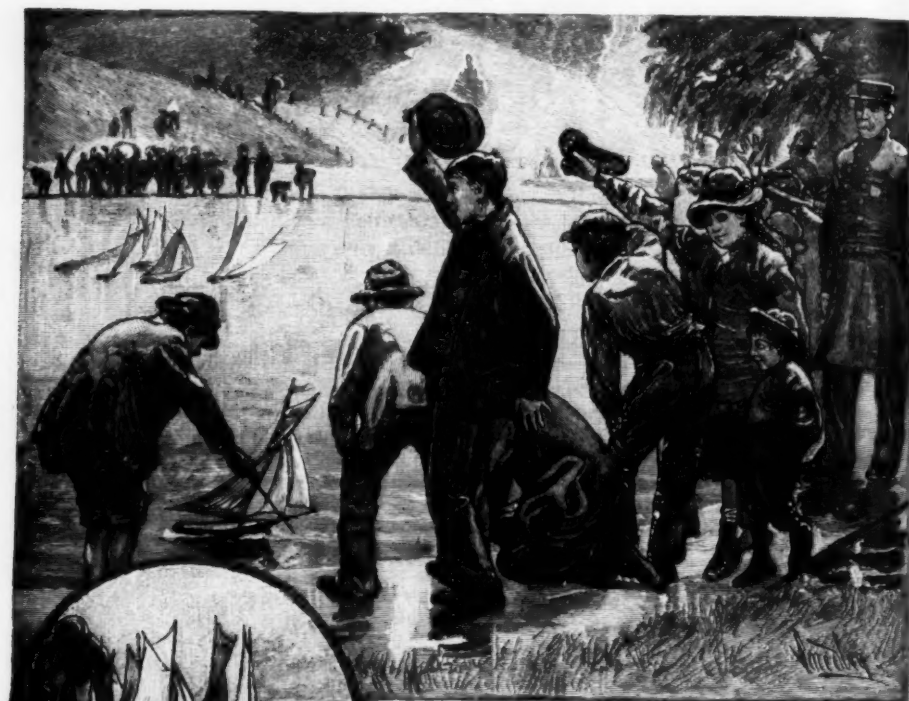
WHEN morns are freshest with early dew,
And birds pipe gayly from bush and tree,
When the crocus smiles 'neath skies of blue,
And the violet lists for the hum of the bee;
When thaw-winds blow from the sunny south,
And streams swell higher from day to day,
When maple and elm and birch are budded,
And the butterfly hangs o'er the fragrant
May—

Oh, then is the time when we plant the corn,
And the golden kernels are hidden from sight,—
Hidden within the cool, damp earth,
Hidden away from the searching light.

When the Spring has gone, and the buttercups
And daisies are dotting the meadows green,
When the blue-bells are fringing the mountain-
side,
And the red rose blossoms, a royal queen;
When fields are greenest and skies are bluest,
And frolicsome breezes come and go,
When Berenice shines in the southern heav'n
And Spica kisses the hill-top low,—
Then is the time when the corn springs up,
And stands with its tassels waving high,—
A splendid army in green and gold,
'Midst the bearded barley and emerald rye.

When the mountains are crowned with purple
mist,
And the apples glow 'mid the orchard's green,
When the grapes droop low on the clambering
vine,
And the morning air is frosty and keen;
When the maples are blazing with scarlet flame,
The gorgeous flame of the quivering leaves,
Oh, then do we gather the golden corn
And bind it close in its ample sheaves.
We gather it in, our priceless hoard,
Ripened and crisped by the Summer's glow,
And up to heaven we lift our thanks
For this gift of grain ere the Winter snow.

THE RACE AND THE RESCUE.



THIS race was between the sloop-yacht *Flirt* and the sloop-yacht *"Sadie,"* both of New York, and the two owners

made the park-policeman judge. Quite a number of young people had met to see the race. There was also a crowd of little fellows out with their sloops and schooners.

The start was magnificent. Both yachts got away under full sail, with every man on board holding on hard, and the water pouring into the lee scuppers.

Hello! There's quite a fleet of boats coming down before the wind, right across the course! And here comes a squall! The owner of the *"Sadie"* wished he had not set his flying-jib.

Ah! ah! oh!! The squall has struck a fore-and-aft schooner, and over she goes on her beam-ends!

The excitement is tremendous. The crew might fall into the water and be devoured by some ferocious cat-fish.

"Put out your boats!" cry the boys.

"O-o-o-h!" cry the girls, in the most sympathizing manner.

Ah! The *"Sadie"* has changed her course, and gone to the rescue.

It was the smartest nautical feat ever seen in Central Park. The *"Sadie"* had a low bowsprit, and she rushed at the schooner and actually put her bowsprit under the back-stay, and lifted the masts out of water. The schooner righted at once, amid the cheers of all the crews, while the *"Sadie"* fell off before the wind and started once more. The *"Flirt"* meantime dashed ahead and won the race. Here you see her coming in, all hands cheering. But the judge looked very sober.

When the *"Sadie"* came in, he gave her the prize for the noble manner in which she had gone to the rescue of the ship-wrecked schooner. "Humanity," said he, with a wise nod of the head, "is better than winning a boat-race."

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MASTER HYRAX.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

UNCLE JOE was taking a nap in the big easy-chair. Of course, he was taking a nap; for, first, he had shut his eyes, and then he had put a newspaper before his face, and then he had begun to snore. He had stopped snoring now, but the newspaper was there still, and he did not stir.

Harold and Violet were playing in the corner. What were they playing? What do children play? It is so long since I was a child that I am quite puzzled. All I know is that Violet had her doll, a fine French lady, dressed in her best walking suit, with gloves, and hat, and parasol, and veil all complete, and a tiny basket on her arm, besides. Violet had a basket on her arm, too; and Harold— Ah, yes, I see now. That must have been it. Harold had laid a board across two chairs, and on it he was arranging all kinds of things—a doll's shoe, a heap of little pebbles, another of grains of corn, a few shells, a ball. Now you know, don't you? They were playing store, and very nice it is. Presently, Harold had an idea.

"Violet," he said, "we have n't got half enough money here. People in business need lots of money, you know. Just you go upstairs and bring down the box of make-believe money, that's a good girl. And, while you are about it, just run into the kitchen and bring in some coffee, and some currants, and some rice, and a few tin boxes that spices come in. Then you might bring a ball of string, and a lot of paper—oh! and Mamma's letter-scales, and a few books, and—and— Well, that's all I think of, just now."

Violet was a good little sister, and she went off obediently. The newspaper rustled a little, and, if Harold had looked, he might have seen an eye peeping from over the edge of it; but he did n't look, not he. He was much too busy arranging his store to the best advantage.

Just then, the door-bell rang, and Harold jumped up.

"It's Mamma," he said, as he peeped out of the window. "I wonder—Mamma," as the parlor door opened, "did you bring the book I wanted to borrow from Cousin Clara?"

"Oh, Harold! I forgot all about it," said Mamma. "I'm sorry, but I had so many errands to do that I could not remember it."

"Oh, dear! and I wanted it so much," grumbled Harold, dolefully. "Everybody always forgets what I ask them."

"Here are your things, Harold—all I could

bring, at least," said Violet, coming back with her arms full, just as Mamma went out. "There's the coffee in one paper, and the rice in another, and—oh dear! I must have dropped the currants. And there's your string, and your box of money, and a roll of paper, and three tin boxes, but I could n't bring the books, nor the letter-scales. Indeed, I could n't carry any more, Harold."

"Just the way," grumbled Harold again. "I never saw anything like it. Nobody ever can do what I want. They 'forget,' or 'can't bring 'em,' or something. Just you trot upstairs again, now, and bring down those books. Any old ones will do. I want them for shelves. And, while you're about it, bring my little express wagon, and——"

"Harold!"

It was Uncle Joe who spoke. The newspaper was off his head, now, and he was sitting up and looking at the children. "Harold, do you know why the hyrax is without a tail?"

Harold thought it was a very queer question, but he did n't say so. Uncle Joe usually meant something by his questions, and probably this one had a meaning.

"What's a hyrax?" asked Violet.

"A little animal something like a rabbit," said Uncle Joe. "Come here, and I'll tell you about it."

"But Harold wants his things," said Violet, hesitating.

"Never mind about Harold's things, just yet," said Uncle Joe. "They can wait; but I'm in a story-telling humor, and that can't wait. Jump up on my knee. So! Harold, too. Now, then!"

"Once upon a time, there was a commotion in the Animal Kingdom. The world was not very old then, not even old enough to be quite finished off. Nobody knew that, though, until, on a certain day, the King of the Beasts issued a proclamation. What's a proclamation? Well, a notice, then. He sent word to all his faithful subjects that if, upon a certain day, they would repair to his court, they would be handsomely finished off."

"Finished off?" said the beasts. "Why, we are finished off. What more do we want? We have teeth and eyes and ears and paws. A tail? What do we want with a tail? You can't eat with a tail, nor see, nor hear, with a tail, can you? Then, what's the good of a tail?"

"Just then a fly stung Goodman Ox on the side. He leaped about a foot into the air, but the fly still

stuck and stung. He tried to brush it off with his foot, but his leg was too stiff.

"Oho!" said Goodman Ox. "Now I see the good of a tail—a nice, long, slender tail, with a brush at the end. Ah, yes! The king may make his mind easy. I shall be sure to be there."

"And so said all the beasts; but nobody was as anxious as Master Hyrax. Day and night he thought about this wonderful tail. What kind would it be? Would it be fitted to him without a question, or would he be allowed to choose? And, if so, what should he choose? Should it be long or short, stumpy or tapering, straight or curly, feathery or compact? At last he made up his mind. He would have a long, feathery tail, with a graceful curve in it. Yes, that would suit him

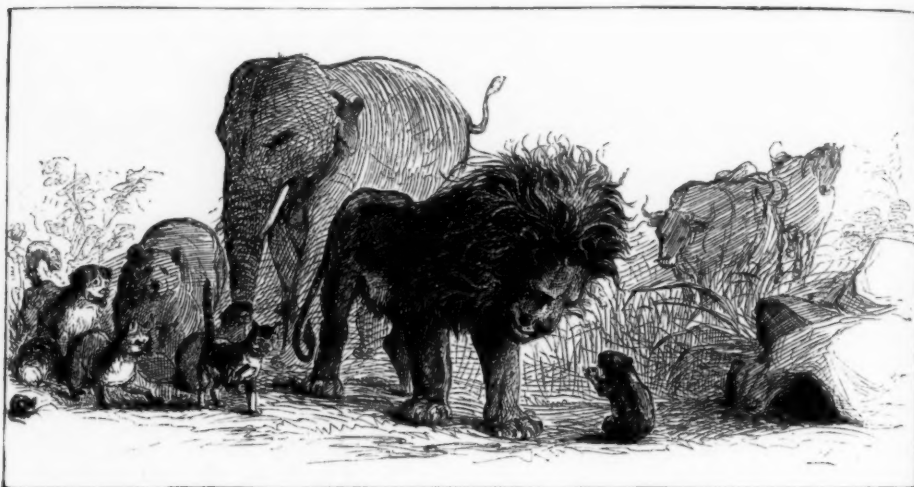
"Well, I don't mind," said Lord Lion; "your tail wont be much of a load."

"So Master Hyrax gnawed a bit of fur from his breast, and Lord Lion took it and went his way.

"Just as he was out of sight, Squire Wolf came along.

"It's as well to be on the safe side," thought Master Hyrax; "perhaps Lord Lion may forget."

"So he asked Squire Wolf, and Squire Wolf promised, and took a bit of fur to match, and went off. Then came Mistress Cat and Sir Fox, and Mr. Rat and Sir Dog, and Gaffer Bear and Gammer Beaver, and ever so many others. Every one of them Master Hyrax stopped, and to each he gave a bit of his fur, and each promised to bring back a tail to match it.



"DEAR LORD LION," SAID MASTER HYRAX, "DID YOU BRING MY TAIL?"

best, he was sure. Then, having made up his mind, he was quite contented.

"Now, if there was one thing Master Hyrax hated more than another, it was bad weather. He never went out in the cold, nor in the rain, but behold! when the great day came, it was cold and rainy both. What was Master Hyrax to do? He thought and thought, and at last he had a bright idea. He lay down at the door of his house, and waited for the animals to pass by on their way to court. First came Lord Lion.

"Oh, Lord Lion! good Lord Lion!" cried Master Hyrax; "when you go to get your tail, will you ask for mine, too?—a fine, feathery one, not too curly, but just with a graceful curve in it, if you please. I will give you a bit of my fur to match, and it wont be much trouble for you."

"I only hope I shall not have so many tails that I shall not know what to do with them all," said Master Hyrax.

"On the whole, he felt quite comfortable, although he had given away so many bits of fur that his breast was bare.

"But that does n't matter," he thought; "it will grow again; and what a fine, useful thing a tail will be. Better have six than none."

"So, then, Master Hyrax went into his house, and curled himself up to sleep until his messengers should come back.

"Lord Lion was the first to come, as he had been the first to go; and Master Hyrax crawled out to meet him.

"Dear Lord Lion," said Master Hyrax, "did you bring my tail?"

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"Lord Lion stopped, and looked down at him.
"Your tail?" he said; "how could I remember anything about your miserable little tail?" And he sauntered off, lashing his own fine, new tail.

"Then came Mistress Cat.

"Good Mistress Cat, did you bring my tail?"

"No, indeed," said Mistress Cat. "It is all I can do to carry back the tails for my six kittens, who were not big enough to go for their own."

"Hyrax sighed, but he was not discouraged.

"Did you bring my tail, Sir Fox?" he asked of the next, but Sir Fox sniffed and said:

"I had work enough to get my own, without thinking of yours. They wanted to palm off a miserable, skinny thing on me, instead of the fine brush that I had set my heart upon. I got it at last, though, in spite of them; and Mr. Rat has the one they meant for me."

"Mr. Rat, who came next, was in such a bad humor that he would not even answer Master Hyrax's question; but it was evident that he had no tail about him, excepting his own. Master Hyrax staid at his post until midnight, but not an animal

had remembered him. Sir Dog had lost the bit of fur and had felt afraid that if he should bring a tail it would not match. Gammer Beaver had had all she could do to carry the broad article which had fallen to her share, and Gaffer Bear was so indignant when he found that Master Hyrax had asked all the rest of the animals, instead of trusting to him alone, that he would not even look at him.

"Selfish, lazy creatures!" said Master Hyrax, as he crept to his bed. "That is the way they always serve me. I shall have to go myself, after all."

"But, the next day, the court was closed. The tails had all been given out. And that is why the hyrax has no tail to this very day."

Violet laughed at the story, and pitied the woes of the poor hyrax, but Harold sat still for a while. Then he slipped down from Uncle Joe's lap.

"Come upstairs, Violet," he said, "and I'll help you bring down the rest of the things. Or, if you don't want to go, I'll bring them myself. When we're through playing, I'll go over to Cousin Clara's and get the book I want. I'm not going to be Master Hyrax any longer."

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

By M. M. D.

SWEET Alice, while in Wonderland,
Found a fine baby-brother;
She took him by his little hand,
And said: "We'll look for Mother."

And soon they met a dolphinet,
Twice in a single day;
Said she: "How queer! you're waiting
yet!

Why don't you go away?"
"Because," said he, "my ways are set,
And who are you, I pray?"

"I think I'm Alice, sir," said she,
"But Alice had no brother;
I can't quite make it out, you see
Until I find my mother."

Then, low, the dolphinet replied,
"T is passing strange," said he,—
"That mother, on my cousin's side,
Is next of kin to me!"

And so they journeyed far and wide,
A family of three;—
And never on a single point
Did one of them agree!



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SALTILLO BOYS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAMBLERS AND AN ANGRY BULL.

THE second week in May, as to wind and sun, seemed especially prepared with reference to the "kite fever." Andy Wright was the only member of Mr. Hayne's school who, before the end of the fever, had not been seen with a string in his hand, looking up at something in the air, or running like mad to "give her a good start."

On Friday afternoon, however, Charley Ferris remarked to Will Torrance: "What do you say, now, about to-morrow?—kites, or the Ramblers? I shall ramble, anyhow!"

"Well," said Charley, "I've left my kite half-way up the Presbyterian church steeple, so I'll go with you."

Joe Martin had not yet caught the kite fever, and Otis Burr had been reading an article on geology, so they two agreed to join, but Jeff Carroll refused, point blank.

"I don't mind a gun," he said, "if I can have another fellow along to carry it and do the loading, but I've a prejudice against breaking stone. It's State-prison work."

All others were equally beyond persuading, and within an hour after their Saturday breakfast, the self-selected four stone-breakers were pushing along the old South road, up the beautiful valley at the foot of which lay Saltillo.

There were four hammers among them, of course, but no two were alike, and Charley Ferris was especially proud of his own. It was a regular long-handled "stone-hammer," just the thing for breaking curious rocks, but it could not be carried in his pocket.

Will Torrance had intended to take a bag, to hold his prizes, but Otis Burr had persuaded him to leave it at home.

"If you want to know how it will be," said Otis, "tumble a few hatfuls of gravel into it, now, and carry it around the square. That'll teach you. Stones weigh something, nowadays."

Joe Martin was the first man to win a prize, right in the middle of the road.

"Rock!" said Otis; "that is n't a rock—that's an oyster-shell."

"I can't help that," said Joe; "we must take Mr. Hayne a specimen of everything we find."

"Look here, then," retorted Otis, "there's a

big stone house, over yonder. We must all go and take a clip at it."

"How do you know it's a stone house?"

"Can't I see?"

"No, you can't tell at this distance. Besides, it is n't in our way——"

"Here's another, then," shouted Charley. "If a brick is n't as good as an oyster-shell, I'd like to know why."

"Every one of us must have a piece. If Mr. Hayne can tell us what kind of rock it is, let him do it. That's all."

There were no rocks to speak of until, about three miles south of the city, Will Torrance said to his companions:

"Now, boys, for the hills! Over there's the Glen!"

"What's that?" asked Otis.

"A big crack in the hill. I've been there. There is no end of rocks, and it is a great place for a picnic."

Over the fence they went; but Joe Martin stopped them, saying: "It's a stone-fence, boys; we must hammer into it."

And, according to the rule, the stone-fence had to suffer a little.

Otis Burr was the only one to secure any sort of a prize from it; but he actually knocked out a beautiful little "fossil" from a piece of gray limestone.

"Hayne will call that by some big name or other. I believe it's a trilobite."

"Bite what?" asked Charley.

At that moment something like an answer came from the field behind them,—a deep, low-pitched voice, with a little something in it to remind a man of very distant thunder.

"Hello!" said Otis, "what's that?"

"Nothing but a bull," replied Joe Martin. "I don't care to try for a specimen of him."

They had walked on across the field while they were examining that fossil, and were at quite a distance from the fence they had pounded when the bull undertook to speak to them.

"Boys," said Charley, turning about, "he's shaking his head."

"It sounds as if he were trying to scold us, too," said Otis. "That next fence is our best chance for rocks just now."

"Had n't we better go back?"

"No, Charley," said Will; "but we'd better do

the fastest kind of rambling. Run!—before he comes for us!"

It was time to start, if they meant to do that, for the bull was beginning to trot, and the Club unanimously declared that he was growing larger. Angrier he certainly was, for Otis Burr had, unthinkingly, taken a red silk handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the perspiration from his face, and any bull alive would have taken offense at that. On he came, and on ahead of him went the Ramblers' Club!

At first they stuck together pretty well, but the taller boys were the better runners, and poor Charley Ferris shortly began to fall behind.

Bellow after bellow, deep and thunderous, reached his ears from the throat of his offended pursuer, and the situation looked more than a little serious. What could a boy of thirteen, with nothing but a long-handled stone-hammer, do against a bull like that? Not a great deal, certainly, and the other three would need all the legs they had, with none to spare for him. They were good fellows, however, and the thought seemed to come to all of them at once that they must not abandon Charley.

"Come on," shouted Will. "It's only a little way, now."

"I say, boys," suddenly exclaimed Otis Burr. "We're done for."

"What's the matter?"

"Look! We can't jump that. It's deep, too, and there's no end of mud."

Between them and the friendly fence ahead, there stretched the shining water of a deep brook, which had been dug out for draining purposes and was at least twelve feet wide. Charley saw it as plainly as the rest did, but the bull seemed to have centered his wrath on the nearest invader, so the other three turned and ran for a point farther along the bank of the brook.

All at once, Will Torrance shouted, "Bridge! There's a bridge!"

But it was impossible for Charley to reach it.

"Dodge him, Charley!—Boys, hold up. We must fight that bull."

"I'm in, Will," said Otis Burr, promptly, and Joe Martin turned in his tracks at the word, and the three faced the enemy.

But it would have gone badly with Charley if it had not been for his short legs and the hurry the bull was in. Right on the bank of the brook, with the bellowing brute hardly ten feet behind him, and galloping hard, Charley suddenly stopped. He was not a good swimmer, the brook was deep, the water was cold, he could not jump it, but he knew he was a good "dodger."

So he stood still, faced right about, and

"dodged." That was one thing the bull could not do; at least, not just then. He was too heavy, too clumsy, and he was going too fast. He could neither halt nor turn, and on he went into the water, horns, anger, body and all.

"Quick, Charley, give me your stone-hammer!" shouted Otis Burr. "I understand cattle. The rest of you make for the bridge."

But they refused to leave Otis until they should have seen the result of his daring experiment.

The bull was cooled off by his sudden bath, and when he turned around and tried to get out again, he found himself sinking and floundering in a way which could hardly have been comfortable. And that was not the worst of it, for his head no sooner came within reach than a sharp rap with a hammer came down upon his nose, a tender place with animals of his kind. It was of no use to bellow now. He was in the mud, and the red-haired boy on the bank had the long-handled hammer. Another rap, and another, in quick, severe succession, and then Otis watched him for a moment.

"Boys," he said, "don't you hear? There was sorrow and repentance in that last bellow. He won't chase any more Ramblers' Clubs to-day. He's had all he wants. We need n't run an inch. Walk right along toward the bridge."

Even a bull can understand some things. If there had been any fun for him in chasing a parcel of frightened Park boys, there was none at all in standing there in cold mud and water to have his nose pounded. Otis was right. There was no more "follow" in that bull. Still, it had taken some pluck to use the hammer, and the Club was very proud of itself.

The little bridge was reached without delay, although the boys did not run, and the next fence was not worked for "specimens."

"It will be time enough when we get to the Glen," remarked Otis. "I stuck to my fossil. If we'd had many more rocks in our pockets, the bull would have caught us."

"You ran splendidly, Charley," said Joe; "but it was nothing to the way you dodged."

"I had to be quick; but it was the best kind of a trap, and I'm glad I brought that stone-hammer."

A good share of the victory over the bull did, indeed, belong to Charley, and nobody cared to dispute his title to it.

A careful look was given to the contents of that next field, and it was not unpleasant to discover that the only dangerous wild beasts in sight were a flock of sheep, who were turning what tails they had, with one accord, and running their best away from the Ramblers' Club.

It was uphill then, and into a patch of dense

woods; and Will proved a good guide, for he shortly exclaimed, "Here we are, boys!"

"I know that," replied Otis. "We're here, but where's your wonderful glen?"

"I don't see it," added Joe.

"That's the beauty of it. Nobody would believe it could be here. Come right along. Slow, now; just beyond those trees. Look over."

"Can't see much."

"Hold on by the bushes, and slip along down with me. There's an easier place farther up, but this will do."

They followed him, clambering, and clinging, and picking their way, nearly forty feet down an almost perpendicular, or, as Otis Burr said, "awfully slantindicular," side of a chasm, the nearness of which nobody would have suspected. It was just the place for a man to tumble into, if he tried to cross those woods in the dark; but not a great many people were likely to do that.

The boys were at the bottom now.

"This is the Glen," said Will. "It makes a bend yonder, and it gets deeper and deeper."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Out into the valley below; but it's rougher than this down there."

And so they found it. Here and there it widened, as well as deepened, and its rocky sides were shelving, or, "more than perpendicular," while great masses of rock arose in the center of it, to be climbed over and wondered at by the members of the Ramblers' Club. Not one of them could think of any other possible use for all those ragged piles of pudding-stone, or the outcropping ledges of limestone below. Now was the time for hammers and specimens, and every pocket in the Club was filled.

CHAPTER XIV.

KITES AND GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS.

THE other boys were mistaken about Andy Wright and his lack of interest in the kite business. He had caught the fever more severely than any of them, but he had said nothing about it. He had owned a good many kites in his time, of the sizes and patterns the rest of the boys were flying, and he had determined on something better.

"The Chinese do wonderful things with kites," he said to himself. "I'm as good as a Chinese, I think; let's see what I can do."

He was hardly likely to rival the best kite-makers in the world, but it was worth while to try. His Greek and his other work could not be

allowed to suffer; but Andy was an industrious fellow, and he was wise enough to employ a little professional help; that is, he hired a carpenter to plane out some of his sticks for him, so that they would be exactly even.

By the middle of the following week, he was ready to say to Otis Burr:

"I am going to have Jack Roberts and Will Torrance, and some of our boys, come and help me send up a new kite, this evening. Will you come? There's likely to be a good wind."

Of course he would come, but it seemed a queer idea to be sending up a kite after dark, when nobody could see it.

It was not quite dark when they all assembled, and Andy seemed in a little of a hurry. "I must get it up now, boys," said he. "I'm afraid the wind will go down. Help me into the Park with it."

"Into the Park?" thought the boys. "There's no chance there for a run with a kite." They hardly guessed what he could mean to do.

Jack went into the back yard with him, and in a minute more they came back with Andy's kite.

"Is n't that a whopper!"

"Why, it's six feet high!"

"Six feet and six inches," said Andy. "It will take more than one of us to hold it."

"You'll have to put on half a mile of tail."

"No; I've calculated the balance. It will stand straight. All that a kite-tail does is to balance."

Andy's kite was a big one, and every corner of it spoke of the care and patience with which he had put it together.

"It's worth a pile of kites like mine," said Charley Ferris.

"But, Charley," said Otis Burr, "won't it take your pet bull to hold it?"

"It will take strong twine, anyhow."

Andy had several balls of that ready, and Jack Roberts brought along a big covered basket, the contents of which were not mentioned to anybody.

The park was free ground to those who lived in the neighborhood, only that it was generally forbidden to the boys for play purposes. They would soon have done away with its grass and shrubbery if they had had the free range of it.

The wind was from the south, so the kite was carried to the southern end of the open space.

They had not long to wait, for Andy had planned every part of his experiment. There was no "running" to be done; only Jack Roberts had to keep hold of the somewhat heavy tail, and steady the kite as it rose from the ground.

Just before it started, Andy fastened something at the head of it, and another something at the middle, right on the cross-pieces, telling the rest

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of the boys to stand back. Then he scratched a lucifer match, as if he were lighting something; and then he did some more "hitching on" at the corners of the kite. Up it went now, slowly at first, and then faster and faster; and the whole crowd broke into a round of cheers. The big kite had one paper lantern at its head, another at the end of each arm, and another in the middle, each with a lighted half-candle in it. That was something to cheer for, and other boys, and men, too, came springing over the fence to see; and the people came to the doors and windows of the neighboring houses, and the big kite went up higher and higher, as steadily as if it had been a ship at sea. But it could not help rocking a little.

It began to pull hard, and Will Torrance and Otis Burr both kept hold of the strong hempen twine as they let it out hand over hand.

"Not so fast, boys!" said Andy. "Does n't she sail? We shall be able to see her, no matter how high she goes!"

Andy had a right to be proud of his success; but he was not at the end of it yet. When the first ball of twine was nearly out, he spliced on the end of the second, very carefully.

"What 's that for? Wont it hold if you just tie it?" asked Charley.

"There must be no knots to stop my travelers."

"Travelers! You could n't see them twenty feet off!"

"You wait."

The basket lay near to Andy, and he now took out several large, round pieces of stiff pasteboard, with round, inch-wide holes in their centers. There were slits cut in them, so that they could be slipped over the twine, and the slits were tied up again after that was done.

"Those are your travelers?"

"Don't be in a hurry. I'll send up one at a time."

"Stand back, boys," said Jack. "Something more 's coming."

When that "traveler" went off, along the string of the kite, it carried a brilliant paper "Chinese lantern" dangling below it. There was another cheer then, for not one of the boys had ever seen that thing done before.

Will and Otis were quite willing, now, to twist that twine around the nearest post of the fence, and rest their fingers.

"Does n't it tug, though?"

"It can't break that twine."

"It would carry another ball of it."

"That 's high enough for to-night," said Andy, as he put on a second traveler. "This is only an experiment. We 'll do something better with it, next time."

"If we ever get it down again," quietly remarked Otis Burr.

The kite was at a great height, now, and the wind was getting pretty fresh.

"It 's about time to pull in," Andy said, at last, but Jack almost instantly exclaimed: "I say, Andy, what has happened?"

The kite lanterns had been giving only a feeble and star-like glimmer, up to that moment, but now there suddenly flashed out a great flare of light, all over it.

"She 's afire!" shouted Charley.

The middle lantern candle had flared against its wall of oiled paper, and the whole concern was in a blaze.

"Pull in, boys, pull in! We shall be setting somebody's house on fire. Pull as fast as you can!"

It was no time for careful winding up of twine, and the "pulling in" grew only too easy as the boys hauled on, arm over arm. Down she came, fast and faster, and the traveler lanterns danced about wildly in all directions.

"The cord 's afire!" cried Jack.

That was the end of it! The frame of the big kite fell, nobody knew where, and in a minute or so more, the burned and blackened end of its useless string was pulled in among the disappointed Park boys.

"I 'll build a bigger one," said Andy. "I shall know better how to rig my lanterns next time."

"That was the biggest kite ever sent up in Saltillo," said Charley. "And we 've saved nearly all the twine." That was something, as the twine was the most expensive part of the experiment.

There was little fear now that the "kite fever" would not last out the season, but the day of small kites had gone by.

For some reason or other, the Ramblers' Club had postponed making their intended "report" to Mr. Hayne, and it was not until the day after the burning of the great kite that he even knew they had been on an expedition. It came out accidentally, while he was telling them something of the wonderful kites of the Chinese. It was just after school, and there was enough excitement in the occasion to stir up the boys to make remarks.

"I have heard," he said, "that some of their kites are in the form of birds, animals, monsters of every kind. How would you like to see a herd of cattle floating in the air?"

"Charley Ferris would," said Joe Martin. "He set a bull afloat, last Saturday."

"Not in the air?"

"No, sir." And Joe felt bound to explain himself. Will Torrance added:

"That bull's nose was the only thing Otis Burr hammered without getting a good specimen of it."

"You brought home some specimens, then? Where are they?"

"Mine are in my desk. I think the other boys have theirs safe, too."

They were a little reluctant to bring them out. It seemed as if those bits and chips of stone could have very small interest in them, but the boys found out their mistake before the end of Mr. Hayne's explanation.

Joe Martin had forgotten all about his oyster-shell, and his face turned as red as fire when he saw it picked up and examined.

"Interesting, certainly. This is from your lot, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this time, all it means is that there are oyster dealers in Saltillo, but just such shells as that have told a great deal to men of science, when they were found a long distance from where the sea now is. They said, very plainly, that the sea had been there at some former time. Oysters can talk, to some men."

That put Charley Ferris in mind of his piece of brick. Mr. Hayne came to it just after he had finished admiring and explaining the fossil.

"Rock!" he said, with a smile. "Now, Mr. Ferris, the oyster-shell could tell about the sea. What is the story told by this specimen of yours?"

"Brick-kiln, sir."

"That's it. Men at work on the earth. Old bricks have had whole histories to tell. We must have an hour for that some day. What's better, you may write an essay on old bricks, and Joseph Martin another on oyster-shells."

"Caught, both of you," whispered Otis.

"And Mr. Burr," continued the smiling teacher, "may give us an essay on cattle."

"You're hit, too, Ote," said Will. "I want to hear that essay."

"And Mr. Torrance may give us an essay on his Glen, explaining how it came to be where it is. You may make them leading articles in the next numbers of your newspapers. I think your long ramble has been quite a success."

"We did n't get one little joke upon him," said Charley, when they were once more by themselves.

"It's a little on us," said Joe, "but if he does n't know how to deal with boys, I'd like to know who does."

He knew a piece of brick and an oyster-shell, when he saw them, at all events, and he knew what was good for the boys who brought him "geological specimens" of that kind. The whole school had the story of the bull and the rocks on their tongues' ends for a week, and it would be a good while before the Ramblers' Club would hear the last of it.

"Next time," said Will, "we shall have to make a ramble of ten miles and back. That'll be tall walking, you know, and nobody will have anything to laugh at."

"Ten miles," groaned Charley Ferris, "and nothing at either end of it? Well, I'll go, but let's wait a week or so. I want to get that bull out of my mind."

The rest declared their readiness also, but, like Charley Ferris, they were all willing to wait.

CHAPTER XV.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

MAY was passing rapidly.

Andy Wright's second kite was a success, and so were his tissue-paper balloons, only that while the former came home again, the latter refused to be whistled back.

There was a sore spot in the feelings of Will Torrance. Those four "essays" by the members of the Ramblers' Club did not add exceedingly to the glory of that institution, and his associates were a little inclined to charge their ill-fortune to him. They were good-natured about it, but bulls, bricks, oysters, and even hammers, were made unpleasant to him. It set him upon a course of thinking.

If there was one thing the Park boys always went into with zeal, it was "follow my leader." It was apt to be an after-supper affair, and this was just the season for it; almost as good as October.

Jack Roberts made a good "leader," and that position came to him oftener than to anybody else, but each of the more active boys was sure of his turn.

Once a fellow was leader, it was a point of honor for every other boy who went into the game to follow him, no matter where he might go. Jack had led them over the roof of a house and down the other side, by a single piece of timber, and Otis Burr had led a dozen of them into a big horse-chestnut-tree, like so many monkeys, before he scrambled out on a lower limb and dropped to the ground. The only wonder was that none of them had ever broken their bones or their necks, for it was the ambition of every leader to find out something nobody had led them into before, and they generally made out to do it.

Will waited and waited, and it might have been remarked of him that he was getting more and more fond of saying how mean it was for a boy to "back out." Of course the rest agreed with him, and the "law" of the matter grew very rigid.

His turn came, one day, just after supper, when more boys than usual were gathered at the Park end, and there was a unanimous vote for him.

"It's Will's turn," said Jack. "He has always followed first rate. Now let's see how he will lead off."

"Don't worry about me. All I'm afraid of is that some of you will back out," remarked Will.

There was a perfect chorus of declarations that on no account would one of them falter.

"Come on, then!" cried he.

Right across the Park he led the way, but that was almost a matter of course. Up the next street, over a fence, across yard after yard, amid a constant succession of barking dogs and shouting

be, and over this they followed. They had done more perilous things than that before, for they all could swim, and there was nothing dreadful in a mere ducking on a warm evening. Still, they could not help thinking it was time for Will to turn, only no one boy cared to be the first to say so.

"He's heading for the Tamarack Swamp," exclaimed Charley Ferris. "Joe, do you know where he's going?"

"Follow my leader!" shouted Will, as he went over a fence into a piece of plowed ground.

They were fairly out of the city now, and it



CHARLEY FERRIS DODGES THE BULL.

householders; but they had been through that before, and all they wondered at was when he would make a turn and "circle around" toward their own neighborhood. That was just what he did not mean to do, but he said nothing about it. Straight on he went, over the railway track, through a thinly settled neighborhood, and then came the canal.

"Are you going to swim it?" asked Jack Roberts, as he took a look ahead.

"Follow my leader!" was all the reply he got, and, in another minute, Jack saw all there was of a new bridge which had been begun a few days before. A single "string-piece" lay upon the breezy-looking skeleton of the bridge-that-was-to-

was growing dusk. In fact, it would have been lonely work for any boy of them to set out for home alone.

"I say, Will," at last inquired Otis Burr, as he pushed alongside. "Do you know where you're taking us?"

"Follow my leader," sternly responded the temporary captain; "this crowd is the Ramblers' Club, to-night. I'm bound for Jinksville, and back home by way of the old stone-quarry. It's only twenty miles. We'll get through in time for breakfast. Follow my leader."

"Well, no, not to-night," said Otis. "You've taken the laugh out of them, Will, but I shall want to go to bed, by and by. I say, boys, does any of

you want to say anything more about bulls, and ducks, and stone-hammers, and that sort of thing?"

There was no answer.

"Because, if you do, you can just trot on after Will Torrance. I've rambled enough, for one evening."

"So have I," said Jack Roberts. "Head about, Will. You can go through anything you want to on your way home. Always excepting Jinksville and the stone-quarry."

"All right, then. Follow my leader! How about the brick and the oyster-shell, boys?"

They were a panting and speechless company, and their leader took pity on them; but not a great deal, for they had to follow him to the canal locks, and make their way to the other shore by way of a boat that was "stuck" against the banks, just below, after a fashion that made them vow it would be Will's last chance to drag them into that kind of scrape.

It was a rough way home, and it was so late when they again touched the Park fence that every boy of them had to give an account of himself at home for staying out until that time of night.

"I don't mind," said Will to Otis; "the whole school, pretty nearly, belongs to the Club, now. They've all had a ramble, too."

"I don't complain," said Otis. "But I'll tell you what, Will, I'm warm. That puts me in mind; Oneoga Creek is getting the chill off. Let's all go out to the Big Hole on Saturday evening, for a swim. Some of the boys have been in. Brad and Tom Lang have tried it twice."

"If they're around the Big Hole to-morrow, we must look out for tricks," said Will. "They'd like to play something on us."

The two Langs were nowhere to be seen, the next Saturday afternoon, when about half of Mr. Hayne's school set out together for the "Big Hole."

Oneoga Creek was no great stream, as far as the quantity of water in it was concerned, nor for its fish, nor even for its beauty, but a little more than half a mile out of town it had scooped for itself a deep basin. It was a retired and shaded spot, with bushes as well as trees on the banks; just the place for bathing; and the owner of the land had given the boys free passage to it through a path that was now well beaten by use. It would have been quite a calamity to the boys of Saltillo to have had the Big Hole taken from them.

The party from the Park, that Saturday, were on the watch, as they walked along.

"There are the Langs," said Jack Roberts. "Away there behind us. Don't let them know we see them. Perhaps they'll keep away!"

"Not if they can get hold of our clothes," said Charley.

"Can't Tige attend to that, Will?" asked Phil Bruce.

"That's what I brought him for. There won't be any knots tied in our shirts, to-day."

Most boys who have ever done much swimming have learned how long it takes to undo a hard, wet knot in a shirt-sleeve, and how very disagreeable damp sand feels in a pair of socks. There are other discomforts which can easily be arranged, by an ill-disposed person, while one is in the water, and can not see what is going on behind a high bank. The Park boys were well aware of all this, and when they reached the Big Hole, the first thing they did was to pick out a nice place in the bushes for their clothing.

"Make it up in bundles, boys," said Will; "and arrange them in a row, there, at the foot of the butternut-tree."

It was neatly done, and then Will called Tiger:

"Lie down, sir. Watch!"

The moment Tiger had posted himself in front of those bundles, their owners felt safe to take "headers" from the bank into the cool, clear water of the Big Hole. All that time, however, there had been mischief brewing.

Up the road, at a safe distance behind the bathers, had followed the boys who had interfered with Joe Martin in so cowardly a way.

This is how their talk ran:

"We'll fix them this time, Tom."

"The tar's melting in the paper."

"We can get sand and gravel enough when we reach the bank. Wont I give them some knots!"

The nearer they came to their destination, the more carefully they advanced.

"We'd best not let them see us at all. Then they wont guess who did it."

"I hope John Derry is there. I should like to tar everything belonging to him," said Brad.

John, with the rest, was in the creek, having a good time, and the two mischief-makers felt sure of their work. It was only a practical joke, of course; still there are not many meaner things than most practical jokes succeed in being. But there was something in the way of the jokers, this time.

"There are the clothes, Brad, at the foot of that tree."

"Keep down, Tom. Don't try to look over. Not one of them has seen us come."

That was true enough, for not one of the Park boys cared whether they should come or not. They were all more or less acquainted with Tiger, and had unbounded confidence in his teeth and integrity.

"I say, Brad, there's Will Torrance's dog."

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"Don't say a word to him. All he'll care for will be his master's own clothes. Don't touch them."

But Tiger had clearly understood that all those bundles were in his care, and that he was to "watch," which meant, to his doggish mind, that there was peril of some kind. It was his duty, therefore, as the two new-comers approached, to rise upon all four of his feet. He had seen both Brad and Tom before, but every dog knows who are his master's friends and who are not.

"Tiger, poor Tiger! Good dog! Poor fellow!" coaxed Brad Lang, in a sort of whisper, as he came near, and as Tom reached out a hand toward the nearest bundle.

Tiger may have been a good dog and a poor fellow, but the range of teeth he suddenly showed was not at all "poor," and the deep, cavernous, warning growl was "good" only in the way of saying, "Don't touch that bundle!"

Tom drew back his hand, and his brother stepped away a pace or two.

"Woof,—augh,—woof!"

That second growl meant that Tiger's temper was rising. There were flashes of green light in his eyes. Other ears than those of the Lang boys had heard those remarks of Tiger's, and the wet, red head of Otis Burr suddenly appeared above the bank.

"All right, boys; Tiger's on hand. Go right in, Brad; don't mind the dog."

"No, Brad," mockingly added the voice of John Derry, as his head also came up; "walk right in! Was it mine you were after? Take them; I don't care."

Brad and his brother hardly knew what to say, for Tiger showed strong symptoms of getting ready for a "charge."

"Will! Will!" shouted Otis; "this way, quick! Your dog's going for them! Come and call him off!"

Brad and Tom turned and took to their heels.

"Woof,—woof!" barked the dog.

It was hard for Tiger to have to sit down and "watch," while those two boys were running away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A QUEER "EXAMINATION-DAY."

JUNE had come, with its long, warm days, when books were a burden, and "Examination" was but a few weeks ahead. Mr. Hayne had warned the boys that he should make an affair of it. He had told them: "Your friends and mine will be here, and I shall trust you to give a good account of the use we have made of our time."

There was much discussion of the matter from that day forward, and every boy of them began to have grave doubts as to the stability of his own nerves and memory under sudden pressure.

"The harrowing will go on all day," remarked John Derry. "Oh dear!"

There was one more cloud in the sky; that was in a rumor of a party the evening afterward at Sarah Dykeman's, and nearly all of them would be invited.

"Every girl," remarked Charley Ferris, "will know how we came out. I don't care, though. Their examination comes off the week after; so does Madame Skinner's."

"We'll get even with them," said Jeff Carroll. "Why, Charley, would you believe it? Some of those girls don't know much more than we do."

There was consolation in that, perhaps; but soon all worldly things, excepting books, went by the board,—unless, indeed, we except also a silent preparation for the coming Fourth of July, which was sure to be a great day in Saltillo. Even examination could not put it altogether out of sight.

"Are you getting ready, Will?" asked Otis Burr, one day.

"Ready? No. I can't work out some of the things in algebra that I thought I knew best; but I've a long new piece of poetry to read, when it's my turn."

"Poetry! What has that to do with Fourth of July?"

"Oh, that's what you're talking about! I've sold a lot of chickens; I've had my gun cleaned and a new hammer put on it; I'm laying in a pile of powder and things. What are you doing?"

"Well, I can't say just yet. Jack Roberts has a big anvil, twice as big as the one we had last year. Why, it's as good as a young cannon. The hole in it is two inches square."

"Is that so? I was wondering what I'd do with all my powder. It would use up my gun to blaze it all away in one day."

"Keep it for the anvil, then. Don't tell anybody. Jack has it all fixed. He and I are making plugs and fuses."

Saltillo was behind the age in one thing. It had a military company, but it did not own a cannon, and the only resource for a loud noise on the Fourth of July was to the anvils of its blacksmiths,—that is, to such of them as were made with deep holes in them to receive the iron foot of some tool. That hole could be poured full of powder, to within three inches of the top; a wooden plug could be driven in, with one corner of it shaved off to pass a fuse down; then the fuse could be lighted, and all hands could stand

aside until the "bang" should come, and the wooden plug should go up, nobody knew nor cared how far. There was no such thing as bursting an anvil, and in that there was consolation for the fathers and mothers of the boys who ached to make a racket.

It was good news, therefore, that Jack had secured the right thing for the occasion, and if it had not been for examination, some of the Park boys would have been almost happy.

Word went around among them, nevertheless, that boxes and stray wood for bonfires would be scarce, and that the price of empty tar-barrels had gone up to twenty cents apiece. However, a good deal could be done in the way of fuel by beginning early, and it was decided to make a start at once.

Time never did travel quite so fast as during those weeks in June, and one morning the whole sixteen awoke with a doleful feeling that their day of trial had come.

"It's of no use to look at any books," remarked Jeff Carroll. "I've gone back a little lately every time I've opened one."

He was not the only boy who had that precise feeling; and when the church clock struck nine, there were sixteen blue-looking youngsters behind the desks of Mr. Hayne's school.

He himself was as smiling as ever, and when the fathers and mothers of his pupils began to come in, it was worth while to see how nicely he received them.

"The room will be jammed full," whispered John Derry. "We shall have to give up our chairs and sit on the desks."

But there was an astonishment to come right away, worse a good deal than that would have been. Mr. Hayne had planned it, in consultation with Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Roberts. He had nearly completed some very nice "opening remarks" when there came a great rustling at the outer door and in the passage-way, and Mr. Hayne stopped talking.

Then the boys felt as if they had about stopped breathing, for in walked Belle Roberts, Sarah Dykeman, Dora Keys, Milly Merriweather, Jenny Sewell, and, in all, about a dozen of the Park young ladies.

In some mysterious way, Mr. Hayne found seats for all of them, and there they sat, smiling and whispering to one another, and bowing to their older friends, and "making themselves at home," as Otis Burr said.

"Speak before them?" growled John Derry to himself. "Why, I'd break down on the Multiplication Table."

Alas for John!—He was the first boy called

upon, and the selection he had made for that day's declamation vanished from his mind entirely. He walked bravely forward to the platform, in a desperate effort to think of the first word, but it was of no use, whatever. It had gone,—gone,—gone!

Suddenly, just as he raised his head from a very long and respectful bow, there flashed into his memory the beginning of his old "stand-by" from Webster. There was no help for it. It was that or nothing, and a broad grin went around the school as John struck a patriotic attitude, and "sailed in," as Charley Ferris said.

Mr. Hayne understood the matter, but he made no remark, and the visitors did not know but that John was doing the very thing he had meant to do.

Then came another surprise.

Just as Charley Ferris was wondering which class would be called up first, he was summoned, all alone, to answer several rapidly put questions in the Latin Grammar. He had not even time to forget anything, and he got through in good style,—only a little scared.

"This is the queerest examination ever I heard of," muttered Jeff Carroll, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before he was requested to read that day's edition of the "Spy."

So the affair went on: a "regular mix" of exercises, and the visitors seemed to enjoy it greatly, but at the end of an hour and a half Mr. Hayne rose to his feet.

"Our examination," he said, "has now been going on steadily, every day for two weeks and more. I think I know just about how much each pupil has really gained during the quarter. Some have done better than others, but I am more than satisfied with them all. We shall make to-day as interesting as possible, but it will have nothing to do with the marks or standing of scholars. The records of these will be shown to parents and friends only. I think the boys themselves know about what it ought to be. Where all have done so well, it would be wrong to single out one from the rest, but I propose a prize to the whole school, if they will accept it."

What could it be?

They had no time given them to guess, for he went right on:

"As many as would like to go sailing and fishing with me, on Winnegay Lake, the Tuesday after the Fourth, will please hold up their hands."

They would have stood up on their desks, every boy of them, and Mr. Hayne's "prize" was unanimously accepted.

Bashfulness was gone now, and sharp and quick were the responses to the running fire of questions which followed.

Mr. Hayne did not spare them on anything, and Phil Bruce asked, after school:

"I say, boys, did n't some of you remember a good many things you never knew before? I did."

It was actual fun, and, in dismissing them at noon, Mr. Hayne remarked, among other things:

"You will be examined in this sort of way every day of your lives. You will all the while be telling the people who live around you, whether you are conscious of it or not, just what use you have made of your opportunities, and it won't make so much difference how well you recite on any one day that you cram and get ready for."

"He is n't exactly right," said John Derry, as soon as he got out where he could speak his opinion. "He missed a thing or two. He forgot about Fourth of July. If we did n't cram things, and get ready beforehand, there would n't be any racket to speak of."

"It is n't that I'm thinking of," said Jeff Carroll. "Boys, we must get even with the girls! To think of their coming in the way they did! Don't I look a little pale yet?"

"Even with them?" said Andy, his eyes brightening suddenly; "that's easy enough. We can all attend Miss Offerman's examination next week. Don't let's stand on ceremony, but go as friends of the school."

The motion took like wild-fire, but it was voted a secret; and it was one of the few secrets that have a chance for being kept.

When the noon recess was over, and the school came together again, there were no more visitors to make room for, but there was another surprise. Mr. Hayne's table, and another at the side of it, were covered with odd-looking machinery, glass retorts, bulbs, and the other appliances of a chemical laboratory.

"We are to have a class in chemistry next

quarter," said Mr. Hayne, "and I'm intending to have an examination of that class now."

That was queer. The idea of examining a class on things they had never studied! Even Andy looked puzzled for a moment.

"You do not see what I mean. I'll tell you: Before the afternoon is over, I shall know just how much you know of chemistry, and where I had better begin to teach you. I have my doubts if you yourselves could form much of an opinion before being examined."

It was good sense and good fun, for Mr. Hayne knew exactly what to do with his machinery, and the experiments followed one another "thick and fast." There was noise enough in some of them for the Fourth of July itself, and the boys were again astonished to find out how many chemical questions they could answer, and yet how little they knew about it, after all.

Mr. Hayne was in high spirits, because, as he said, "My experiment in teaching has been a success, thus far. Now I shall depend on you to make it a greater one. With your help, we shall do great things in the fall. Can I trust you?"

There was a moment of perfect silence at the end of that little speech, and then it was Charley Ferris who "boiled over," as John Derry called it, with:

"Three cheers for Mr. Hayne and the school!"

"Three cheers!" shouted Andy; and the school-room was hardly large enough to hold the noise they made with those cheers.

"That will do, young gentlemen. I shall send around word as soon as I have completed my arrangements for the sailing trip. Winnegay is a beautiful lake, and I have already secured a craft large enough to carry us all nicely. The school is dismissed."

They did not leave the room, however, without three cheers more.

(To be continued.)



IN our Treasure-Box of English Literature for June we gave you the immortal Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln as it fell from the orator's lips.* We now give you a fac-simile of the speech as copied, a short time afterward, by President Lincoln himself, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' fair at Baltimore in 1864. You will see by comparing the two that he revised the spoken text. The changes are very slight, but as this is the form in which Abraham Lincoln evidently desired that it should be handed down to posterity, we are glad to be able to give you the speech, not only as he revised it, but in his own handwriting:

*Address delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg.*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are cre-
ated equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long
endure. We are met on a great battle-field
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives,
that that nation might live. It is alto-
gether fitting and proper that we should
do this.*

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedie

* ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1881. Page 635.

cate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

CARLO, JANE, AND ME.

BY M. M. D.

WHEN-EV-ER Pa-pa takes a walk,
He al-ways calls us three ;
He says he could n't go with-out
Old Car-lo, Jane, and me.

We laugh and talk, and bark and play,
And Pa-pa swings his cane ;—
Once he for-got and killed some flow-ers,
That stood up in our lane.

And some-times Car-lo runs and jumps,
And Jane stands by a tree,—
Oh dear ! what fun my Pa-pa has,
With Car-lo, Jane, and me !

And, just for mis-chief, Car-lo barks
At ev-er-y one we pass ;
And makes the shad-ow of his tail
Keep wag-gin' on the grass.

When Jane can't walk, I car-ry her,
And Car-lo car-ries me ;
Then Pa-pa al-ways walks be-side,
And shouts out "Haw !" and "Gee !"

I wish he 'd come ; poor Jane is tired,
With wait-ing here so long ;
Car-lo don't mind—no more do I,
But Jane was nev-er strong.

Car-lo is made of curl-y hair,
And I am made of me ;
But Jane is made of wood and things,
As doll-ies have to be.



Oh, here he is! Now for our walk;
 He's sure to take us three;
 For Pa-pa could n't go with-out
 Old Car-lo, Jane, and me!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I WISH you all could see the dear Little School-ma'am as September comes on. Why, she just shines with joy and expectation! For why? The children are coming back—coming back to noon recesses and school luncheons, and as many recitations and all that sort of thing as will go conveniently into a six-hours' day and a spirit of fraternity. The children are coming back! That's her song. "Only think, dear Jack," she says, "the cars and steam-boats are full of the darlings at this very moment, and those who staid at home all through 'vacation'—they're coming back, too," she says,—“coming back into happy school life and ardent study and improvement.”

Up to this point I'm with her. I do believe the youngsters—every boy and girl of them—are glad to get back, but when she talks about “ardent studies,” I fancy the very dogs-ears in the grammar and arithmetic books hang down dolefully. Study is hard work, say what they will. But if my youngsters like it and go at it ardently, why so much the better. I'm not the Jack to oppose them.

Now for

MOVEMENT-SONGS.

I HEAR a good deal of talk nowadays about Movement-Songs being something very fine and rather new, just as if my birds had n't been singing movement-songs from the days of the ark down! Ah, if you only were little Jacks-in-the-Pulpit, you'd understand these movement-songs perfectly; you'd know the meaning of every bob of the quick little heads, and every twitch and twirk of the bright little bodies; and you'd see how they keep time and tell the story, too. But I suppose children—bless 'em!—suit ordinary folk better than the birds do,—at least, in the matter of movement-songs. Only a little while ago, a bit

of writing came to my pulpit, designed to talk about this pretty kind of human song-plays, and as it gave me quite an idea of them, may be some among you may like to read it. It's meant mainly for the big folks; but I'm told that every now and then a grown-up breaks loose from high-cultured fields and runs over into the ST. NICHOLAS pasture for a browse; so here it is, and welcome. You'll find it fresh and crisp as a bunch of daisies, with a bit of stubble here and there by way of precept:

“Let any one visit a kindergarten, and watch the heartiness with which a group of little singers will turn themselves into carpenters planning a table or building a bridge; into shoe-makers drawing out waxed-ends and driving in pegs; into farmers, into bakers, wheelwrights, or scissors-grinders, and they will see that the system is helping children to a true sense of human relations; of how farmers, artisans, tradesmen, discoverers, and poets all need each other,—in fact, that through the laws of demand and supply this life is a very interdependent thing.

“Then the same children will enter into the joys of outdoor life, and become birds, or fishes, or butterflies, with a real feeling of oneness with the life they represent. Or they will ‘talk about the weather,’ make-believe count the stars, or row about in imaginary boats, keeping perfect time with their invisible oars. And the music of these movement-songs must be very simple and very descriptive. The carpenter's plane and the shoe-maker's hammer must be heard in them, as well as the singing of the birds, the rhythmic flowing of the brook, and the patter of the rain. Imagination will add what the notes fail to supply, for the little singers will be thoroughly in earnest, as children always are when they play.”

A DIFFERENT VIEW CONCERNING ANTS.

SINCE Deacon Green read to the boys, in my hearing, the story of the two knights who fought each other to the death, in a dispute as to what metal a certain shield was made of, your Jack has kept an ear for every word that can be said on the other side of any question. One of those knights, all clad in armor, came toward the shield from one direction, and declared that it was made of gold; the second knight, also cased in iron mail, came toward the shield from the other side, and asserted that it was made of silver. When the combat was ended, and they lay dying, a passing traveler asked the cause of their disagreement, and, on learning it, examined the shield. Then he stooped over the dying knights, and explained that on one side the shield was gold, but on the other it was silver.

So, now for the other side of the Ant question:

MY DEAR KIND JACK: The gentle warning which you gave in August to the children, that they should tread lightly, so as to avoid destroying the homes of your busy friends, the Ants, no doubt is good and proper for some places; but, right here, where I live, in Arizona, your words might be considered—well, I'll say superfluous. Why, the country is neither more nor less than one vast ant-colony! And the swarming hosts of the destructive little creatures are the worst enemy of every man whose farm contains plowed land; the tiny pests find that their building work is easy in the broken ground.

But I think I see a ray of hope. Your well-intended protest would not have been made had there been no persons who could profit by the warning if they would. Now, I propose, therefore, that every such person who has heard your advice and paid no heed to it, be sent here. He may tread as heavily and carelessly as he pleases in Arizona.

But, really, dear Jack, the ants here are no joke, and presently, if war is not made upon them, there will be nothing left for the poor things to eat, unless, indeed, the intelligent creatures at last invent the desperate idea of eating one another.

I like to look at the problem as if it were merely a family broil in Dame Nature's household; farmers insisting that their rights ought to be sustained, at whatever cost to the ants; and ants saying nothing, but keeping right along at their appointed work, as if they felt sure that Nature herself would find at length the right road out of any difficulty that there might be. I hope she will; but I am much afraid that she will let man act for her; and then, woe to the ants!—Yours truly,
J. J.

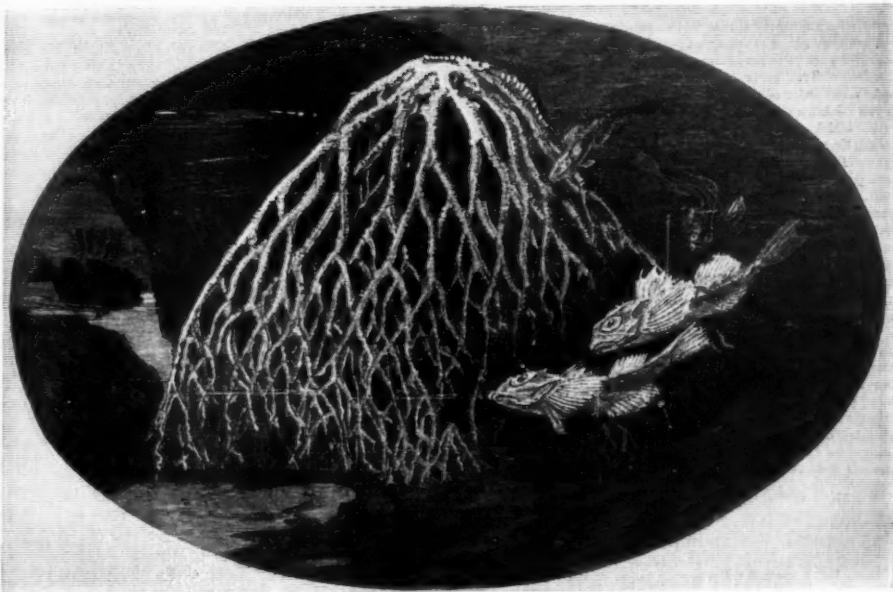
OUR CHILDREN'S EYES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: May I say a word to the girls about their children's eyes? Yes? Thank you, dear Jack!

Who do you suppose makes all the dolls' eyes, girls? They look so natural nowadays that, unless we stop to think, we are apt to forget that they have to be manufactured and put in. The fact is, the making of these bright little objects is quite an important branch of manufacture, and one requiring a good deal of skill. Only a few understand the secret of making the best kind, and they consequently receive large orders. One doll's-eye manufacturer in Birmingham, England, sometimes fills single orders to the extent of £500, or \$2500. Think how many bright little doll-faces look out upon the world after an order like this is filled, and how many glad-eyed little girls meet their rather staring glances, sure that nothing could be lovelier!

together, and the little fish is taken quickly and irresistibly into the stomach at the top of the dome, and never is seen more!

The small fishes in the picture, one of which is about to enter the basket, are sea-robins, such as your Jack gave you a glimpse of in March, 1880, you may remember. But, as some one says, "almost everything is fish that comes to this net"; and when Mr. Basket, during his lively wanderings through the water, finds that he has been so fortunate as to place himself just over a fine oyster,



THE FATAL BOWER.

All dolls don't stare, though. Do they? Some have really a beautiful expression. The shape of the lid has a great deal to do with that. Drooping lids give a sad look, and lids slightly turned up at the corners will make any doll look lively. I know a little girl who has a doll with eyes so like her own that any one can see at a glance that the two are mother and daughter.

Did you ever hear of the little blind girl who, because she wore a green fillet over her poor sightless eyes, always bound a fillet over her doll's eyes also? Both were blind then, and so could understand each other better. M. E. D.

A FISH THAT IS ITS OWN MARKET-BASKET.

I'M told that in the water along the Atlantic coast of the United States, in places where the currents have swept clean the rocky floor, is found a curious-looking animal called the "basket-fish." It looks like an overturned basket, but it also may be called an arbor or bower, forming, as it does, a dome of trellis-work standing on its slender tips. But when a fish swims into this inviting arbor, perhaps hoping it will prove to be a defense from some pursuing foe, the poor fellow is pretty sure to find it a fatal bower. For the arms draw close

that unlucky stay-at-home is soon sucked out of his comfortable house and eaten up.

HORSES WEARING SPECTACLES.

DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of horses wearing spectacles? There was once a dealer in horses who made them wear spectacles containing powerful magnifying glasses. Then the small stones in the road seemed great ones, and the great ones very large, and so the poor horses were deceived into lifting their feet much higher than was really necessary. This plan gave the poor creatures plenty of exercise, and by the same means they acquired, almost without knowing it, a fashionable high-stepping gait, which was much admired, and the dealer was enabled to sell them to better advantage. Yours truly, M. W.

And did M. W. ever hear of the man who put green spectacles on his cows, and then fed them on hay? They were so sure it was grass that they would n't eat it, but waited patiently till some one should give them the right kind. Finally, they showed signs of starvation, and then their master became a quick-stepper, which, of course, was just what they wished.

THE LETTER-BOX.

AN INVITATION TO OUR READERS.

In our July "Letter-Box," dear readers, we said something of a plan for taking you all into a sort of editorial partnership, whereby all of you who desired to do so might, in effect, have a voice in the general management of this magazine, with a view to making it better and better.

And now, as the first step toward securing these good results, we extend to each and all of you, who may care to write, a hearty invitation to send us word concerning the following points:

1st. Which story or stories in the present volume, so far (or in back volumes), have pleased you most?

2d. Who are your favorites among the many writers whose contributions to ST. NICHOLAS you have read?

3d. What series of papers or instructive articles in ST. NICHOLAS do you think have been most interesting or useful to you?

4th. Which are your leading favorites among its poems, ballads, and the lively verses?

5th. Which pictures do you specially like or object to? Can you name your six favorites?

6th. What would you like ST. NICHOLAS to give you? Shall it be more stories in proportion to other reading matter, and of what kind—or more papers of instruction or information, and of what kind—or more fun, or what?

In reporting upon any or all of the above points, young friends, you will of course bear in mind that we do not propose to be directed by the preferences of any one reader, desirous as we are of giving each one pleasure. What we ask for is a frank, honest expression of your tastes and wishes (not of what you think they *ought* to be, but just what they really are), and through all the various expressions that come to us, we hope to gain a happy wisdom in meeting your requirements. We are all the more desirous of this, dear young friends, because of the steady increase in the circulation of the magazine. What is it really doing among these thousands upon thousands of readers, we ask ourselves? Does it reach the sorts of young folks we have in our mind's eye? Does it meet their best interests and needs? Does it thoroughly entertain them? And,

above all, what special short-comings, if any, are first to be noted and attended to?

These are the questions which we ask ourselves, you see, and which you can help us to answer satisfactorily. Therefore will you please write to us heartily and freely—not labored letters and not words for publication, but honest, confidential notes to the editor, replying to any or all of the six special points given, and perhaps mentioning the most welcome things in current numbers of ST. NICHOLAS?

In writing, give your name, age, and residence; and put an R (for Reader) on the lower left-hand corner of your envelope; write only on one side of the sheet, so that your letters may be easily read; and never send contributions to ST. NICHOLAS with these "R" letters. Also bear in mind, please, that where there are so many correspondents the editor can not possibly reply, excepting in the way already indicated—that is, by trying to adapt the magazine to the true needs and requirements of the largest number of its readers—and even here private judgment must be the umpire. So success to us, one and all, in our efforts to make ST. NICHOLAS not only as good as ever, but as much brighter, better, and handsomer as possible!

If any of you would prefer writing to the Little School-ma'am, or to Deacon Green, do so. "In multitude of counselors" there is wisdom. The editor could never get on at all without the aid of her fellow-editors, and the Deacon, and the Dear Little School-ma'am.

A few persons, who read this, may say, "What nonsense! Do not the editors know that by this invitation they are encouraging children to be over-forward and fault-finding, and that they are bringing down upon their devoted heads impudent letters and impossible demands? Above all, do they not see that they are stepping from their high estate, and positively cringing to the bold spirit of Young America?"

Our reply to all this would be: We do not see anything of the kind. We have a high faith in the courtesy and in the affectionate interest of ST. NICHOLAS readers, and we believe that boys and girls who will read this page have the honor of ST. NICHOLAS at heart, and that they will stand by it with loyalty and pride.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in that story called "My Aunt's Squirrels," and I thought the boys and girls would like to hear about my little squirrel "Bessie." She is very tame, and will let me pat her. When I let her out of her cage, she will run up my arm to my shoulder and then will run down the other arm. The other day the window was open, and she got out of her cage and ran out through the window. I was very much frightened, and thought I had lost her, but on looking through the window I saw her running in the next yard, and I went in after her. I got her back in the cage, but she was so exhausted that she lay panting for quite a while after.—I am your constant reader,
LOUISE L. CAMPBELL.

We are indebted to Messrs. Cushings & Bailey, of Baltimore, for permission to reproduce, from a work published by them, the facsimile of Abraham Lincoln's autograph of his Gettysburg speech, printed in the present number.

DEAR EDITOR: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and shall have all of the volumes bound. In my opinion, it is the best children's periodical ever published. Now and then my parents say: "Are not you getting too old to read that children's magazine?" I am eighteen to-day. I suspect that they are joking, for I have noticed that they never fail to read every number. I don't think I shall ever be too old to read the ST. NICHOLAS.—Your constant reader,
JOHN A. LORING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have any of your readers ever tried drawing on linen? I am sure they would like it, so I think I will tell

them how to do it: You must write for an enlarged package of decorative indelible ink, with preparations, pens, etc., and inclose one dollar. When you get the linen, wash it and iron it; then put the preparation in with a paint-brush; then iron again. Draw what you want on the linen with the ink; then iron *well*, and wash it. You can make things that are pretty, as well as useful.—Your constant reader,
J. H. I.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London, for their courtesy in permitting us to reprint the ballad by Robert Browning, and the poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, given in the "Treasure-box of Literature" in the present number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have read in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS a question from "Zella," asking why, when paper is rubbed between the knees, it will stick to a piece of wood, I think I will tell her what I suppose is the cause. It is electricity, produced by the friction of the paper on the knees, which also causes it to adhere to the wood.—Your devoted reader,
M. O. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a grown-up girl now, but was quite young when you began. What I want specially to tell you is this: A friend and I have been making scrap-books for sailors. We have made eleven, but, as it is slow work, we should like the assistance of others. Now, I thought you could mention it to your young friends who live on the coast, as they, probably, are acquainted with more sailors than those living inland. Sailors are great readers, and they appreciate papers and magazines; but I think they would prefer scrap-books. The way we do this is: Take old picture-

books and sew them together, and make covers of pasteboard; or take large old account-books, cut out every other page, or so, and paste in cuttings from newspapers and magazines. When they are finished, we give them to the captain of some vessel, and tell him to pass them around among the crew. My friend makes scrap-books containing only pictures, which she sends to hospitals.—
Yours respectfully,
A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received a letter yesterday from a cousin, who is traveling in India, and I thought I would tell the children who take ST. NICHOLAS some of the funny things she wrote me: Her cook is a man, and he wears toe-rings, and when he is not busy, he sits on his heels and smokes a long pipe, and would sit that way all day if she did not make him do something. She says it is so hot out there that, in summer, the people who own dogs with long hair have to hire a servant to fan the dogs, to keep them cool.

In Hindustani language, the name for baby is "budja," and we think it makes a nice nickname for our little fat baby. "Koota" means dog, and the next dog we get we are going to give it that name.

She saw one of the Holy Men, so called because they make a vow to do something uncomfortable to themselves all their life, or until they are freed. This one had walked on the ends of his toes so long, with the aid of a stick, that his heels had grown back into the muscles of his legs, and you could not see that he ever had had any heels. His hair was long and matted; he was covered with some kind of yellow powder, and was horrible to look at.

She had seen a great many Cashmere goats and fat-tailed sheep, and last night we found pictures of both of them in our Natural History.—Yours truly,
M. L. BELIN.

Now that the schools are beginning again all over the land, we think there probably are many mothers who will appreciate the following little poem:

BEGINNING SCHOOL.

To-day the house is stiller than it's ever been before,
There's nothing in disorder from the ceiling to the floor;

E'en the chairs around the room
Seem to share the general gloom.

As they stand in sad precision just so far apart,—no more.

The cushions look forbidding as they're placed against the wall,
The very chair-backs seem alone, they stand so stiff and tall;

And I feel inclined to cry,
And to set them all awry.

What can it be about the house that seems to chill us all?

I'd like to scatter every toy now ranged before my sight,
From merry "Punch and Judy," in their gauze and tinsel bright,
To the little dog asleep
In a mournful, woolly heap,

On the half-torn, fingered picture-books, once visions of delight.

That worn old doll, dejected, brings a picture fair and sweet
Of bloom, and warmth, and songs of birds the merry world to greet,

And a little child at play
On a happy Summer's day,

With these toys in gay confusion scattered round about her feet.

And the sunlight, sitting down, shone upon a little head,
And kissed the curls of golden brown and turned them bronze and red;

And the doll was held at rest
On the little lassie's breast,

For both were soundly sleeping as the sunshine lightly sped.

And as I look I do not think the wealth of many lands
Could make me harm the poor old doll once clasped by baby hands.

This armless, limp concern
I've often longed to burn,

Is sacred to those baby days where love forever stands.

Ah, well, we all must live and learn: year follows year by rule,
And as one may not stay a child, one dare not be a fool;

And so the world goes on
From rise till set of sun:

To-day our baby takes her turn in starting off to school.

MAUD WYMAN.

FRED. W. MACALLUM.—The author of "A Talk about the Bicycle" (ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1880), says: "A great many people seem to be mistaken about the amount of roughness that will make a road impassable for a bicycle. Bicycles will go on any reasonably well-kept way that is not too stony for horses, and there nearly

always is a narrow foot-track beside a country road. Even a western 'dirt-road,' or a stretch of grass, will not be too much for a wheel with a determined rider, for he will take his trusty steed upon almost any surface into which it is not likely to sink deep."

JACK'S PRIZE-BIRD.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT has received a great many letters in reply to his questions concerning the picture of his Prize-Bird in the June number. Nearly all of the letters gave correct answers, and said,—that the bird is an Emu, found in Australia, that its Latin name is *Dromaius Novæ Hollandiæ*, and that it can run very fast, but can not fly. The little ones "down foot" are the young of the Emu, and in regard to them Jack wishes us to quote what one of his correspondents says:

"The conspicuous stripes on the young birds are retained for only a short time, or until the feathers of the adult dress replace or conceal the downy covering."

Another correspondent writes: "The Emu is not uncommon in menageries. I think there are two at Central Park now."

A few of the young writers think that the house in the background of the picture is a hut built in some Zoological garden for the bird to live in, but most of them suppose it to be the hut of a native of Australia.

Maud M. L. writes that the bird must be an Emu, for her papa has been to Australia, and has seen the bird, and tells her that "Emu" is its name.

Alfred R. Wiley, eleven years, says: "I can not tell why the young ones are striped and the old ones speckled; but, if you would tell me the reason why a young chicken is often striped, whose mother wears solid colors, and why the young fawn of the dun deer is red with white spots, and why most of us tow-headed boys will change in a few years to black-haired or brown-haired men, perhaps this information would give me a clew."

Here is a list of the names of those who wrote to Jack-in-the-Pulpit about this "ostrichy no-ostrich," as he calls it:

Lizette A. Fisher—Howard T. Kingsbury—Theodore G. White—Clinton W. Clowe—Albert Tuska—C. S. Fleming—Fanny Hartman—Florence E. Pratt—Nathalie and Marshall McLean—Lunette E. Lamprey—Maie G. H.—James D. Hailman—Newton Mowton—C. W. Dawson—Satie A. Townsend—Nellie M. Brown—A. K. Amacker—"Reader"—Orange—Charlie Lamprey—R. F. Rand—George Cortelyou—T. M. Royal—Jenny H. Morris—Emil G. Sorg—Fred. C. McDonald—Mary H. Tatnall—H. V. Z. B.—Harry A. Patton—Maud M. Love—Miffin Brady—George B. Spalding, Jr.—B. C. Weld—Robert M. Dutton—Alex. G. Buret—Geo. D. Casgrain—Alfred R. Wiley—Florence G. Lane—"Buttercup and Daisy"—Lemuel Carey—William Hepburn Buckler—Johnnie A. Scott—Elizabeth Alling—Letitia Preston—Grace E. Smith—Henri C. R.—Nannie Duff—S. W. Peck—Elsie A. Patchen—Willie A. Phelon—Amos G. Robinson.

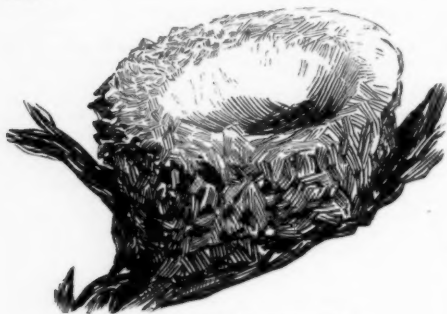
M. E. C.—In the "Letter-Box" for March, 1891, you will find, under the name "Trailing Arbutus," an answer to your question: "How did the girl push the baby-carriage through her bracelet?"

OUR readers will be interested in the following newspaper item concerning Miss Nellie Rossiter, a girl of fourteen, who has received the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society's Diploma for her success in the culture of silk. She says, among other things:

"When I first started I had about three hundred worms, which I procured through a friend of my father's. In a few days I shall probably possess one hundred thousand. I have made three hundred dollars this year, and I hope to treble that sum in the next twelve months. It requires careful watching to keep the worms in good health. They require constant feeding, and somehow they always need attention at four in the morning. They will only eat mulberry or Orange-orange leaves. I have a permit to pick those leaves in the park. When I cannot procure a sufficient amount of foliage to feed all the worms I expect to be hatched, I freeze as many thousand eggs as I cannot provide for at the time. Eggs thus frozen will live for over two months, and, on being restored to a heated room, readily hatch. On the other hand, the worms die, unless always in a temperature of seventy to seventy-five degrees. This morning I sold ten thousand eight hundred eggs, fixed on a card,—each card is covered with little globules the size of pin-heads,—for one dollar and seventy-five cents. Had I kept them for another fortnight, I could have sold the little worms for seventy-five cents a hundred; but then I have thousands and thousands of eggs."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—SIXTH REPORT.

Not much that is valuable in the study of nature can be learned from books alone. I should think that from a month's study of an aquarium made by himself, after the most admirable suggestions of Mr. Beard in St. Nicholas for July, a boy would learn as much about small marine animals and plants as he would get from books alone in a year. I am sure his knowledge would be of a more useful sort.



NEST OF HUMMING-BIRD.—ACTUAL SIZE.

That the members of the A. A. are at work in the right manner, is shown by the thousands of interesting specimens which they are collecting. A few of these have found their way to our Academy cabinet, either by exchange or gift. As I can not usher you all into our museum, and point out the many curious things which have been sent us, I have taken down a few and will let you look at pictures of them. No. 306 is the saw of a saw-fish. This was sent to us by a little girl who lives in Florida. Part of her letter was printed last month. This specimen is about a foot long. The saw-fish has the general form of a shark, but it would be well to ask those of the A. A. who have not been assigned to other duties, to "study up"



NO. 21. HEAD AND CLAW OF BELTED KINGFISHER.

this curious fish and write an account of his habits. A specimen saw shall go to the one who sends the best report to Lenox by October 1.

No. 313 is also from the sea. Do you know what it is? It is white and nearly flat. Who has seen one alive? Will not some dweller by the ocean write a description of the "sand-dollar" for us? We should like to print in this place the best short report on this curious creature received before October.

The nest is a humming-bird's nest, and is exactly life-size. It was built quite near the house of one of our members, but, to his credit be it said, was not molested until the two tiny white

eggs cracked and let out the little miracles from within. After the happy family had hummed away, the nest was secured. It is made of the delicate lichens which grow on old fences and tree-trunks, and is lined with the soft pappus of dandelions. It scarcely could be distinguished from a small knot.

By the way, speaking of birds'-nests, the question has been several times sent to me—"How can I avoid the law that forbids all persons taking the nests or eggs of birds?" I advise you not to try to avoid it. It is a very wise law, and necessary to protect our singing birds from extermination. Most of you are so much interested in other subjects that you can be quite happy without disturbing the homes of the birds. Still, in many places such laws are local, and in that case a "permit" may often be obtained from the proper authorities, granting the privilege of collecting eggs on certain conditions. If you can not be happy, therefore, without eggs, and if the law forbids, you must either get a special permit or remain inconsolable. However, many good collections of eggs have been made by exchange. You can collect specimens of wood, for example, and exchange these with some distant oölogist; or if he prefers insects or plants, there is no law against your getting them for him.

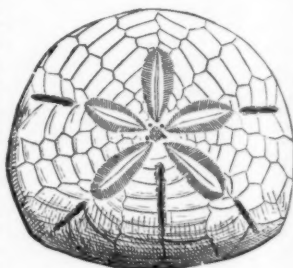
We have received some finely prepared specimens of wood from Miss L. L. Lewis, of Copenhagen, New York—and she was so generous in her supply that we have enough to exchange for other sorts of specimens.

No. 21 is given to show how a boy may make a collection of drawings for himself, which will be of great value. Perhaps you can not draw a bird with sufficient accuracy; you can at least sketch the beak and claws, as Harry Chamberlin has done, and a great deal may be learned by a study of these two extremities of a bird. Harry accompanies his drawing with the following account of the bird itself:

"The Kingfisher—Belted—is a North American bird of the family Alcedinidae. It lives upon fish and aquatic insects. K. hovers over the water until its prey is sighted, then, dropping from mid-air, it seizes the unfortunate fish or insect in its strong beak. It builds its nest out of fish-bones, lined with down, in a hole in the bank of a stream. K. generally lays two pearly white eggs about the size of a robin's. The color of its bill and legs, slate and black; eyes black, wings blue and black on the upper side, white under. The throat and breast are white, a dark blue and chestnut-colored band dividing them; the back is blue. K. has a silky blue crest, which it raises at will."

Notwithstanding our repeated cautions, letters concerning the "Agassiz Association" are sometimes sent to the St. Nicholas office in New York. This causes a delay in replying, for all such letters are forwarded whither they should have been first sent. Once in a while, also, letters come with no address given inside. It is difficult to reply to them. After Sept. 15th, address, with stamped envelope for reply,

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

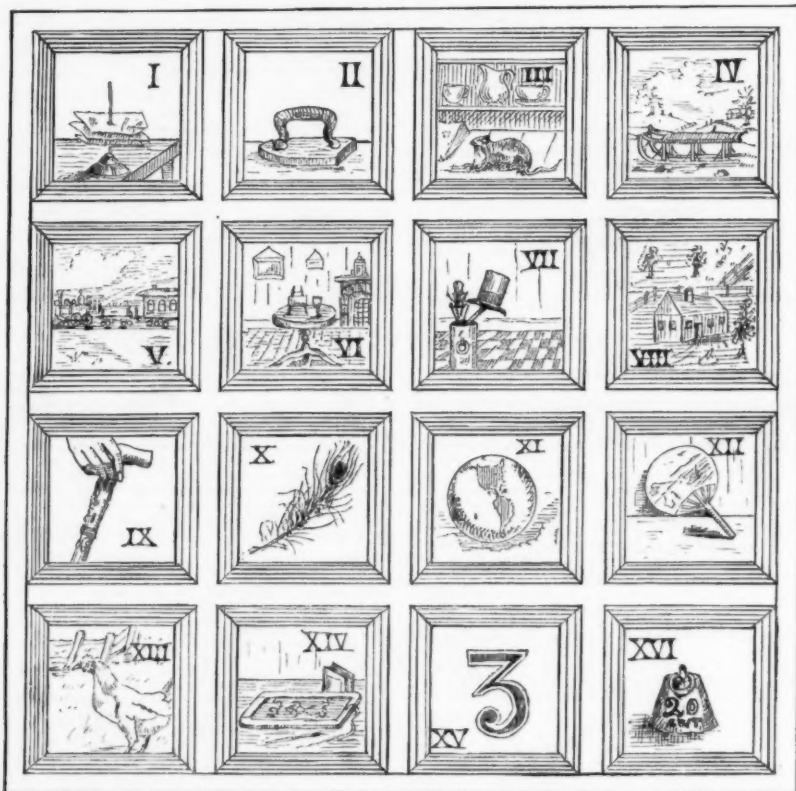


NO. 313. THE SAND-DOLLAR.



NO. 306. PART OF THE SAW OF A SAW-FISH.

EASY PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



THE answer to the above numerical enigma contains fifty-one letters, and is a well-known saying from the Bible. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are represented by pictures, each of which refers by a Roman numeral to its own set of Arabic numerals, given in the following statement of the puzzle: I. 1-2-10-8. II. 44-23-41-43. III. 3-11-18. IV. 4-10-48-12. V. 5-28-22-44-17. VI. 6-24-9-38-49. VII. 7-31-46. VIII. 15-41-37-4-13. IX. 40-50-45-27. X. 25-21-22-14-30-35-51. XI. 20-31-23-33-47. XII. 36-11-43. XIII. 19-16-45. XIV. 4-39-31-29-48. XV. 32-34-42-48-21. XVI. 26-41-45. JOHN TAYLOR.

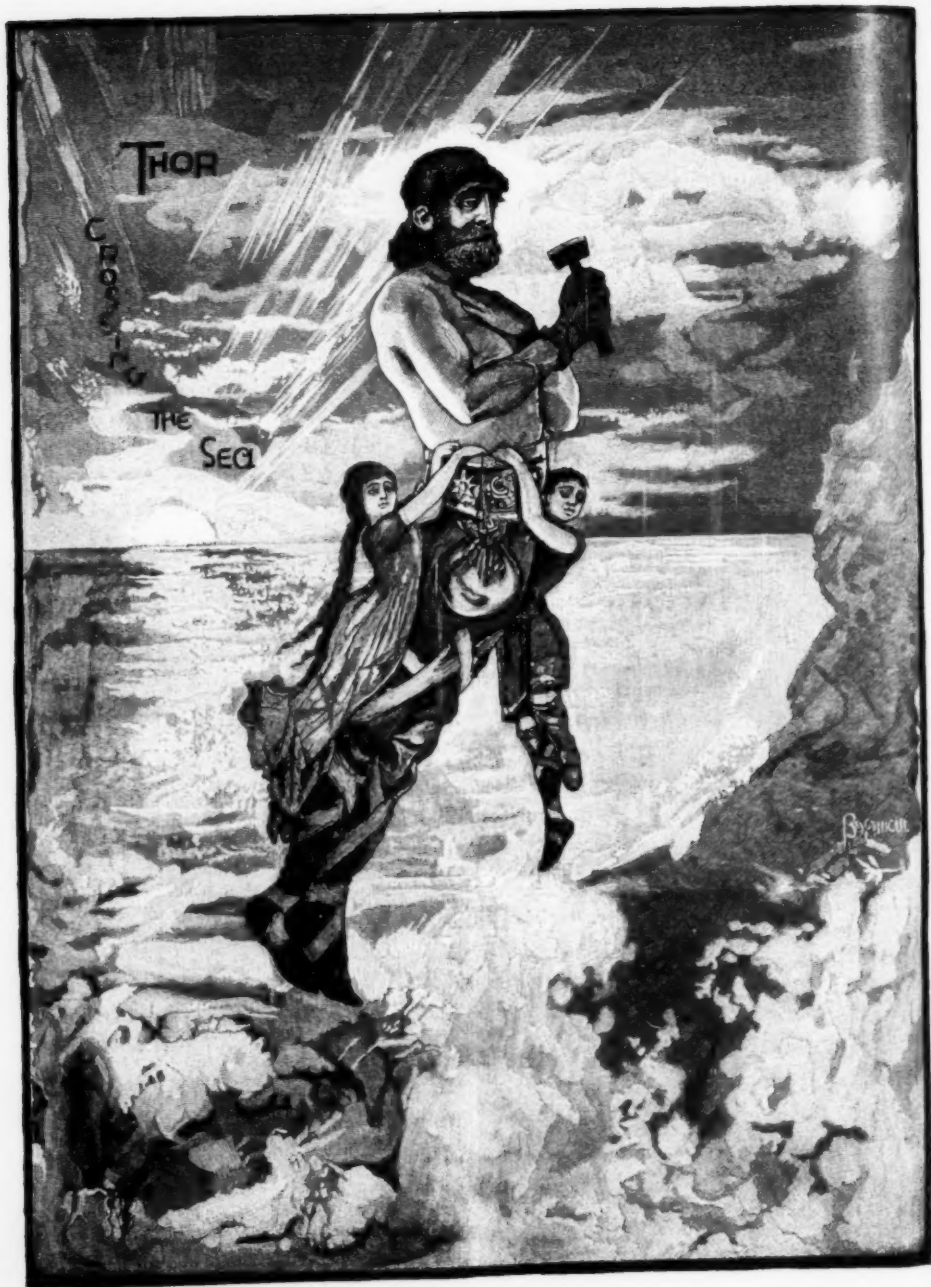
THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

THE SOLUTION of our June puzzle was received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from Lillie Lane, Bonham, Texas.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Mary R. Tyng, 2—Bessie McJ. Tyng, 4—"King Wompster," all—"Jessamine," 1—Lizzie M. Boardman, 1—"Phil. I. Pence," 2—B. L. Early, 2—The B. S. and F. families, 10—Hattie E. Rockwell, 12—"Chickie," 5—George W. Barnes, 5—Camille Giraud, 5—Algic Tassin, 3—Mabel Thompson, 2—Augusta, 2—Tad, 6—Bessie and her Cousin, 11—Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell, 9—M. L. Ward and L. B. Johnson, 12—Lizzie D. Fyler, 6—H. A. Vedder, 6—"Professor and Co.," 10—Minnie Thiebaud, 1—Lorena Buschman, 1—Lalla E. Croft, 1—Bella A., 5—Fannie B. Wyatt, 1—Mrs. J. L. Cilley and Mabel, 2—Raymond Cilley, 1—Grace Taylor Lyman, 1—G. A. Lyon, 10—Bessie C. Barney, 7—O. C. Turner, all—Effie K. Talboys, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Warren G. Waterman, 1—"Fairview Nursery," 10—Rosalie, Arthur, and Mary, 10—Marion and Harry, 1—Mary and John, 8—Josie H. Wickett and May H. Carman, 3—Lyde McKinney, 11—D. W. Robert, and Flavel and Nannie Mines, 5—"Mama and Pa," all—Joseph G. Deane, 3—Otis and Elliott Brownfield, 6—Blanche R. Percy, 5—Frank B. Howard, 10—John Wroth, 10—"Dorothy Dump" and "Barbara Bright," 7—Rose I. Raritan, 5—Wallace K. Gaylord, 4—Johnny Putnam, 1—Mollie Weiss, 7—Charlie W. Power, 11—Dollie Francis, 10—"Deacon," 4—J. D. Hayden, 1—Graham F. Putnam, 3—M. M. Libby, 6—Geo. F. Weld and Geo. J. and Esther L. Fiske, 6—Florence G. Lane, 8—Kate T. Wendell, 7—H. C. Warren and F. C. Torrey, 10—Cornie and May, 9—Nellie J. Gould, 8—Bessie Taylor, 3—Charlie and Josie Treat, all—Henry C. Brown, 12—Florence E. Pratt, 8—"Queen Bess," 11—Trask, all—P. S. Clarkson, 11—George R. Shenk, 2—Fred Wilford, 7—"Comet," Cincinnati, 8—"Pearl and Ruby," 4—Philip S. Carlton, 7—Jenny and Timie, 8—Anne and Maria McIlvaine, 8—H. R. Labouisse, 4—H. L. P., 5—Valerie Frankel, 7—Fred C. McDonald, 12—Willie Maddren, 1—"Olivette," 7—Annie H. Mills, 10—J. B. Bourne, 4—"Partners," 8—"Day and Night," 11—Lizzie C. Carnahan, 10—Edward Vultee, 9—Katie Smith, 6—B. B. Potrero, 8—J. S. Tennant, 12—Edward M. Traber, 4—"Greenwood Lake," 7—"Carol and her Sisters," 9—Louise and Nicoll Ludlow, 7—Florence Leslie Kyte, all—"Verna," 4—Fred Thwaites, 11—Sallie Viles, 9—"Guesser," all—Archie and Charlotte Warden, 6—Dyice, 9. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

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ON THE WAY TO JÖTUNHEIM.

[See page 952.]